

H Y M N S

F O R

PUBLIC WORSHIP:

SELECTED FROM

VARIOUS AUTHORS,

AND INTENDED

AS A SUPPLEMENT TO

DR. WATTS'S PSALMS.

THE SECOND EDITION.

*Sing ye praises with understanding.*

DAVID.

L O N D O N,

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, NO. 72, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD,  
AND W. EYRES IN WARRINGTON.

MDCCLXXXI.

*Dr Williams  
Enfield*  
1781

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My soul  
My thou

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O Lord,  
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P U B L I C W O R S H I P.

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HYMN I. Long Metre.

*GOD the proper Object of Praise.*

I.

Y E sons of men, in sacred lays,  
Attempt your great Creator's praise :  
But O what tongue can speak his fame !  
What mortal verse can reach the theme !

II.

Enthron'd amidst the radiant spheres,  
He glory like a garment wears :  
His boundless wisdom, pow'r and grace,  
Command our awe, invite our praise.

III.

To God all nature owes its birth ;  
He form'd this pond'rous globe of earth ;

A 6

He

He rais'd the glorious arch on high,  
And measur'd out the azure sky.

## IV.

In all our Maker's vast designs,  
Omnipotence with wisdom shines ;  
His works, thro' all this wond'rous frame,  
Bear the great impress of his name.

## V.

Rais'd on devotion's lofty wing,  
Our souls his high perfections sing ;  
O let his praise employ our tongues,  
And list'ning worlds approve the songs.

## HYMN II. Long Metre.

*The one living and true GOD.*

## I.

**E**TERNAL GOD, almighty cause  
Of earth and seas and worlds unknown,  
All things are subject to thy laws ;  
All things depend on thee alone.

## II.

Thy glorious being singly stands,  
Of all within itself possess't :  
Control'd by none are thy commands ;  
Thou from thyself alone art blest.

To





III.

To thee alone ourselves we owe ;  
Let heav'n and earth due homage pay ;  
All other Gods we disavow,  
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.

IV.

Spread thy great name thro' heathen lands ;  
Their idol deities dethrone ;  
Reduce the world to thy command,  
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

H Y M N III. Common Metre.

*The Immutability of GOD.*

I.

**T**HRO' endless years thou art the same,  
O thou eternal God !  
Ages to come shall know thy name,  
And tell thy works abroad.

II.

The strong foundations of the earth  
Of old by thee were laid ;  
By thee the beauteous arch of heav'n  
With matchless skill was made.

III.

Soon shall this goodly frame of things,  
Form'd by thy pow'rful hand,  
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,  
And chang'd at thy command.

But

## IV.

But thy perfections, all-divine,  
 Eternal as thy days,  
 Thro' everlasting ages shine,  
 With undiminish'd rays.

## V.

Thy servants' children, still thy care,  
 Shall own their fathers' GOD;  
 To latest times thy favour share,  
 And spread thy praise abroad.

## HYMN IV. Common Metre.

*GOD eternal.*

## I.

**R**ISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground,  
 Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,  
 And call forth ev'ry tuneful sound,  
 To praise th' eternal GOD.

## II.

Long e'er the lofty skies were spread,  
 JEHOVAH fill'd his throne;  
 Ere men were form'd or angels made,  
 The Maker liv'd alone.

## III.

His boundless years can ne'er decrease,  
 But still maintain their prime:

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ETERNITY's his dwelling place,  
And EVER is his time.

## IV.

While like a tide our minutes flow,  
The present and the past,  
He fills his own immortal DAY,  
And sees our ages waste.

## V.

The seas and skies must perish too,  
And vast destruction come;  
The creatures, see, how old they grow,  
And wait their fiery doom!

## VI.

Well, let the sea shrink all away,  
And flame melt down the skies;  
My GOD shall live an endless day,  
When this creation dies.

## H Y M N V. Common Metre.

*The greatness of GOD.*

## I.

**K**EEP silence all created things,  
And wait your Maker's word;  
My soul stands trembling while she sings  
The honours of her LORD.

## II.

Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,  
Hang on his firm decree:

He

He sits on no precarious throne,  
Nor borrows leave to be.

## III.

Ten thousand ages e'er the skies  
Were into motion brought;  
All future years, and worlds to come,  
Stood present to his thought.

## IV.

His mighty voice bid ancient night  
Her endless realms resign;  
And lo, ten thousand worlds of light  
In fields of azure shine.

## V.

His wisdom with superior sway,  
Guides the vast-moving frame;  
Whilst all the ranks of beings pay  
Deep rev'rence to his name.

## HYMN VI. Common Metre.

*The Power of GOD.*

## I.

'T WAS GOD who fix'd the rolling spheres,  
And stretch'd the boundless skies;  
Who form'd the plan of endless years,  
And bade the ages rise.

From

## II.

From everlasting is his might,  
 Immense and unconfin'd ;  
 He pierces thro' the realms of light,  
 And rides upon the wind.

## III.

He speaks, great nature's wheels stand still,  
 And leave their wonted round ;  
 The mountains melt, each trembling hill  
 Forsakes its ancient bound.

## IV.

He scatters nations with his breath ;  
 The scatter'd nations fly :  
 Blue pestilence and spreading death  
 Confess the Godhead nigh.

## V.

Ye worlds, and ev'ry living thing,  
 Fulfil his high command ;  
 Pay duteous homage to your king,  
 And own his ruling hand.

H Y M N VII. Common Metre.

*The Faithfulness of GOD.*

## I.

**B**EGIN, my tongue, some heav'nly theme,  
 And speak some boundless thing ;  
 The



The mighty works, or mightier name,  
Of our eternal King.

## II.

Tell of his wond'rous faithfulness,  
And sound his pow'r abroad ;  
Sing the kind promise of his grace,  
And the performing GOD.

## III.

Proclaim, "salvation from the LORD,  
For sinful dying men ;"  
His hand hath writ the sacred word,  
With an immortal pen.

## IV.

Engrav'd as in eternal brass  
The gracious promise shines ;  
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raise  
The everlasting lines.

## V.

His sacred word of grace is strong,  
As that which built the skies ;  
The voice which rolls the stars along,  
Speaks all the promises.

HYMN VIII. Common Metre.

*The Goodness of GOD.*

## I.

**L**ORD, thou art good ; all nature shows  
Thee full, and free, and kind ;

Thy

ame,  
Thy bounty thro' creation flows,  
Nor can it be confin'd.

## II.

The whole and ev'ry part proclaims  
Thine infinite good-will ;  
It shines in stars, and flows in streams,  
And bursts from ev'ry hill.

## III.

RD,  
It spreads thro' all the spreading main,  
And thro' the heav'ns more wide ;  
It drops in gentle show'rs of rain,  
And rolls in ev'ry tide.

## IV.

Long hath it been diffus'd abroad,  
Thro' years and ages past ;  
And its rich stores, all-bounteous God,  
For ever still shall last.

## V.

G,  
Thro' the vast whole it pours supplies,  
Spreads joy thro' ev'ry part :  
LORD, let such love attract mine eyes,  
And captivate my heart.

## VI.

re.  
High admiration let it raise,  
And kind affections move ;  
Employ my tongue in songs of praise,  
And fill my heart with love.

Thy

HYMN

## HYMN IX. As the 50th Psalm.

*The never-ceasing Goodness of GOD.*

## I.

**H**OUSE of our GOD, with chearful anthems ring,  
 While all our lips and hearts his goodness sing;  
 With sacred joy his wond'rous deeds proclaim;  
 Let ev'ry tongue be vocal with his name.  
 The LORD is good, his mercy never-ending,  
 His blessings in perpetual show'rs descending.

## II.

The heav'n of heav'ns he with his bounty fills;  
 Ye seraph's bright, on ever-blooming hills,  
 His honours sound; you to whom good alone,  
 Unmingled, ever-growing, hath been known;  
 Thro' your immortal life with love increasing,  
 Proclaim your Maker's goodness never ceasing.

## III.

Thou earth, enlight'ned by his rays divine,  
 Pregnant with grass, and corn, and oil, and wine,  
 Crown'd with his goodness, let thy nations meet,  
 And lay their crowns at his paternal feet;  
 With grateful love that lib'ral hand confessing,  
 Which thro' each heart diffuseth ev'ry blessing.

## IV.

His goodness never ends; the dawn, the shade,  
 Still see new bounties thro' new scenes display'd;  
 Succeeding ages bless this sure abode,  
 And children lean upon their father's God:  
 The deathless soul, thro' its immense duration,  
 Drinks from this source immortal consolation.

## V.

Burst into praise, my soul; all nature join;  
 Angels and men in harmony combine;

While

# H Y M N X.

11

While human years are measur'd by the sun,  
And while eternity its course shall run,  
His goodness, in perpetual show'rs descending,  
Exalt in songs, and raptures never-ending.

## H Y M N X. Common Metre.

*Personal Mercies thankfully acknowledged.*

### I.

**W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys;  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.

### II.

O how shall words with equal warmth  
The gratitude declare,  
Which glows within my ravish'd heart?  
But thou canst read it there.

### III.

Thy Providence my life sustain'd,  
And all my wants redress'd,  
When in the silent womb I lay,  
And hung upon the breast.

### IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd  
To form themselves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd

While

## V.

Unnumber'd comforts on my soul  
 Thy tender care bestow'd,  
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd  
 From whence those comforts flow'd.

## VI.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth  
 With heedless step I ran,  
 Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,  
 And led me up to man.

## VII.

Thro' hidden dangers, toils and deaths,  
 It gently clear'd my way;  
 And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,  
 More to be fear'd than they.

## P A U S E.

## VIII.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou  
 With health renew'd my face;  
 And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.

## IX.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly blifs  
 Hath made my cup run o'er;  
 And, in a kind and faithful friend,  
 Has doubled all my store.

Ten



## X.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
 My daily thanks employ ;  
 Nor is the least a chearful heart,  
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

## XI.

Thro' ev'ry period of my life,  
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
 And, after death in distant worlds,  
 The glorious theme renew.

## XII.

When nature fails, and day and night  
 Divide thy works no more,  
 My ever grateful heart, O LORD,  
 Thy mercy shall adore.

## XIII.

Thro' all eternity to thee  
 A joyful song I'll raise ;  
 For oh ! eternity's too short  
 To utter all thy praise.

## HYMN XI. Long Metre.

*The Mercies of GOD gratefully acknowledged.*

## I.

**A**WAKE, my soul, awake my tongue ;  
 My God demands the grateful song :  
 Let

Let all my inmost pow'rs record  
The wond'rous goodness of the LORD.

## II.

Divinely free his mercy flows,  
Forgives my sins, allays my woes;  
He bids approaching death remove,  
And crowns me with a father's love.

## III.

My youth decay'd his pow'r repairs;  
His hand sustains my growing years;  
He satisfies my mouth with food,  
And feeds my hopes with heav'nly good.

## IV.

His mercy, with unchanging rays,  
For ever shines while time decays;  
And children's children shall record  
The truth and goodness of the LORD,

## V.

To those who, with religious awe,  
Love and obey his sacred law,  
Whose hearts with pure devotion glow,  
Whose lives their grateful homage show.

## VI.

While all his works his praise proclaim,  
And men and angels bless his name,  
O let my heart, my life, my tongue,  
Attend and join the sacred song.

## HYMN XII. Common Metre.

*The Compassion of GOD.*

## I.

**O** THOU, the wretched's sure retreat,  
 Who dost our cares controul,  
 And with the chearful smile of peace  
 Revive the fainting soul !

## II.

Did ever thy relenting ear  
 The humble plea disdain ?  
 Or when did plaintive mis'ry sigh,  
 Or supplicate, in vain ?

## III.

Oppress'd with grief and shame, dissolv'd  
 In penitential tears,  
 Thy goodness calms our restless doubts,  
 And dissipates our fears.

## IV.

New life from thy refreshing grace  
 Our sinking hearts receive ;  
 Thy gentlest best lov'd attribute,  
 To pity and forgive.

## V.

From that blest source propitious hope  
 Appears serenely bright,

And sheds her soft diffusive beam  
O'er sorrow's dismal night.

## VI.

Our griefs confess her vital pow'r,  
And bless the friendly ray,  
Which ushers in the smiling morn  
Of everlasting day.

## HYMN XIII. Common Metre.

*GOD the Creator.*

## I.

**O** LORD, how excellent thy name !  
How glorious to behold,  
Engraven fair on all thy works,  
In characters of gold !

## II.

On heav'n's unmeasurable face,  
In lines immensely great ;  
In small, on ev'ry leaf and flow'r,  
*Creator GOD* is writ.

## III.

Tho' reason be not giv'n to all  
Nor voice to thee, O Sun !  
Their maker all proclaim, and here  
Their language is but one.

How

## IV.

From land to land, from world to world,  
 Thy fame is echo'd round ;  
 And ages, as they pass, transmit  
 The never-dying sound.

## V.

Angels, the eldest sons of light,  
 Began the lofty song :  
 They saw the heav'ns expand abroad,  
 And earth on nothing hung.

## VI.

Then Man, the last and noblest work  
 Of all this nether frame,  
 With the first vital breath he drew,  
 Confess'd from whence he came.

## VII.

Let men unite to praise their God,  
 Let them adore his name ;  
 The wonders of his pow'r and love  
 Let the whole earth proclaim.

## H Y M N XIV. Proper Tune.

*All Creatures called upon to praise GOD.*

## I.

**B**EGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,  
 Let each enraptur'd thought obey,  
 And praise th' Almighty's name ;

B 2

Lo !



Lo! heav'n, and earth, and seas, and skies,  
In one melodious concert rise,  
To swell th' inspiring theme.

## II.

Ye angels, catch the joyful sound,  
While all th' adoring throngs around  
His wond'rous mercy sing;  
Let ev'ry list'ning saint above  
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,  
And touch the sweetest string.

## III.

Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode,  
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God;  
Ye thunders, speak his pow'r:  
Lo! on the lightning's gleamy wing,  
In triumph walks th' eternal king;  
Th' astonish'd worlds adore.

## IV.

Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,  
To join the thunders of the skies;  
Praise him who bid you roll;  
His praise in softer notes declare,  
Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,  
And breathe it to the soul.

## V.

Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing;  
Ye chearful warblers of the spring,  
Harmonious anthems raise,

To

To him who shap'd your finer mold,  
Who tip'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,  
And tun'd your voice to praise.

## VI.

Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,  
The feeling heart, the judging head,  
In heav'nly praise employ ;  
Spread the Creator's name around,  
Till heav'ns broad arch ring back the sound,  
The gen'ral burst of joy.

HYMN XV. Common Metre.

*Praise to GOD from all Creatures.*

## I.

THE glories of our maker God  
Our joyful tongues shall sing ;  
And call the nations to adore  
Their former and their king.

## II.

'Twas his right hand that shap'd our clay,  
And wrought this wond'rous frame ;  
But from his own celestial breath,  
Our nobler spirits came.

## III.

We bring our mortal pow'rs to God,  
And worship with our tongues :

To

B 3

We

We claim some kindred with the skies,  
And join the heav'nly songs.

## IV.

Let beasts, which in the pastures feed,  
Or in the desarts lie,  
Fishes that move within the seas,  
And fowls beneath the sky;

## V.

Let rocks, and woods, and fires, and seas,  
Their various tribute bring;  
And one united anthem raise  
To God, all nature's king.

## VI.

Ye planets, to his honour shine,  
As thro' your orbs you run;  
Praise him in your eternal course  
Around the steady sun.

## VII.

The glory of our Maker's name  
The wide creation fills,  
And his unbounded grandeur flies  
Beyond the heav'nly hills.

HYMN XVI. Long Metre.

*GOD known by his Works.*

## I.

**G**REAT is our God; his works of might  
To praise his glorious name unite;  
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Heav'n, earth, and sea confess his hand,  
And wait obedient his command.

## II.

His hand unseen sustains the poles  
On which the vast creation rolls ;  
The starry skies proclaim his pow'r,  
His pencil glows in ev'ry flow'r.

## III.

In various shapes and colours, rise  
Ten thousand wonders to our eyes ;  
And beasts and birds, with lab'ring throat,  
Teach us a God in ev'ry note.

## IV.

Across the waves, around the sky,  
There's not a place, or deep or high,  
Where the Creator has not trod,  
And left the footsteps of a God.

## H Y M N XVII. Long Metre.

*Praise to GOD from all Nature.*

## I.

**N**ATURE with all her pow'rs shall sing  
God the Creator and the King :  
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,  
Deny the tribute of their praise.

## II.

Begin to make his glories known,  
Ye angels, that surround his throne ;  
Exalt your strains, and spread the sound  
To the creation's utmost bound.

## III.

All mortal things of meaner frame,  
Exert your force, and own his name ;  
Whilst with our souls, and with our voice,  
We sing his honours and our joys.

## IV.

Yet, mighty GOD ! our feeble frame  
Attempts in vain to reach thy name ;  
The strongest notes that angels raise,  
Faint in the worship and the praise.

## HYMN XVIII. Common Metre.

*The GOD of Nature worshipped.*

## I.

**H**AIL, King supreme ! all wise and good !  
To thee our thoughts we raise,  
While nature's beauties, wide display'd,  
Inspire our souls with praise.

## II.

At morning, noon, and ev'ning mild,  
Thy works engage our view ;

And,



And, while we gaze, our hearts exult  
With transports ever new.

## III.

Thy glory beams in ev'ry star,  
Which gilds the gloom of night?  
And decks the rising face of morn  
With rays of cheering light.

## IV.

The sunny hill, the dewy lawn,  
With thousand beauties shine;  
The silent grove, and awful shade  
Proclaim thy pow'r divine.

## V.

From tree to tree a constant hymn  
Employs the feather'd throng;  
To thee their chearful notes they swell,  
And chaunt their grateful song.

## VI.

Great nature's God, still may these scenes  
Our serious hours engage;  
Still may our grateful hearts consult  
Thy works instructive page.

H Y M N XIX. Common Metre.

*Contemplations of the divine works.*

## I.

LOOK round, O man! survey this globe;  
Speak of creating pow'r;

B 5

See,

And,

See, nature gives a diff'rent robe  
To ev'ry herb and flow'r.

## II.

See various beings fill the air,  
And people earth and sea;  
What grateful changes form the year!  
How constant night and day!

## III.

Then turn into thyself, O man;  
With wonder view thy soul;  
Confess his pow'r who laid each plan,  
And still directs the whole.

## IV.

And let obedience to his laws  
Thy gratitude proclaim,  
To him the first almighty cause;  
JEHOVAH is his name.

## HYMN XX. Long Metre.

*Praise to GOD from the heavenly bodies.*

## I.

**T**HE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,  
Their great original proclaim.

Th'

## II.

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Doth his Creator's pow'r display ;  
And publishes to ev'ry land,  
The work of an almighty hand.

## III.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale ;  
And nightly to the list'ning earth  
Repeats the story of her birth.

## IV.

Whilst all the stars which round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

## V.

What tho' in solemn silence all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;  
What tho' nor real voice nor sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found ;

## VI.

In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice ;  
For ever singing, as they shine,  
" The hand that made us is divine. "

## HYMN XXI. Long Metre.

*Sun, Moon, and Stars, praise ye the LORD.*

## I.

**F**AIREST of all the lights above,  
Thou sun, whose beams adore the spheres,  
And with unweary'd swiftneſs move,  
To form the circles of our years;

## II.

Praise the Creator of the ſkies,  
That dress'd thine orb in golden rays:  
Or may the sun forget to riſe,  
If he forget his Maker's praise.

## III.

Thou reigning beauty of the night,  
Fair queen of ſilence, ſilver moon,  
Whoſe gentle beams and borrow'd light,  
Are ſofter rivals of the noon;

## IV.

Arise, and to that ſov'reign pow'r  
Waxing and waning honours pay,  
Who bid thee rule the duſky hour,  
And half ſupply the abſent day.

## V.

Ye ſtars that gild the evening ſky,  
And cheer the gloomy face of night;

Praise

Praise him who plac'd your orbs on high,  
And out of darkness call'd up light.

## VI.

O God of glory, God of love,  
Thou art the sun that makes our days :  
With all thy shining works above,  
Let earth and dust attempt thy praise.

## H Y M N XXII. Long Metre.

*The Divine Perfections.*

## I.

**G**REAT GOD ! thy glories shall employ  
My holy fear, my humble joy ;  
My lips, in songs of honour, bring  
Their tribute to th' eternal King.

## II.

The earth and stars, and worlds unknown,  
Depend precarious on his throne ;  
All nature rests upon his word,  
And men and angels own their LORD.

## III.

His sov'reign pow'r what mortal knows ?  
If he command, who dares oppose ?  
With strength he girds himself around,  
And treads the rebels to the ground.

Who



## IV.

Who shall pretend to teach him skill,  
Or guide the counsels of his will?  
His wisdom, like a sea divine,  
Flows deep and high above our line.

## V.

Th' eternal law before him stands;  
His justice, with impartial hands,  
Divides to all their due reward,  
Or by the sceptre, or the sword.

## VI.

His love reveals a smiling face,  
His truth and promise seal the grace:  
His mercy ages past have known,  
And ages long to come shall own.

## VII.

The God of heaven doth condescend  
To be our father and our friend;  
We love his name; we love his word;  
Join all our pow'rs to praise the LORD.

HYMN XXIII. As 150th Psalm.

*Praise to the Creator.*

## I.

**J**EHOVAH reigns, let every nation hear,  
And at his footstool bow with holy fear;  
Let heaven's high arches echo with his name,

And

And the wide peopled earth his praise proclaim,  
Then send it down to hell's deep glooms resounding,  
Thro' all her caves in dreadful murmurs sounding.

## II.

He rules with wide and absolute command  
O'er the broad ocean and the steadfast land,  
JEHOVAH reigns, unbounded, and alone,  
And all creation hangs beneath his throne?  
He reigns alone, let no inferior nature  
Usurp, or share the throne of the Creator.

## III.

He saw the struggling beams of infant light  
Shoot thro' the massy gloom of antient night,  
His spirit hush'd the elemental strife,  
And brooded o'er the kindling seeds of life;  
Seasons and months began their long procession  
And measur'd o'er the year in bright succession.

## IV.

The joyful sun sprung up th' ethereal way  
Strong as a giant, as a bridegroom gay;  
And the pale moon diffus'd her shadowy light  
Superior o'er the dusky brow of night,  
Ten thousand glittering lamps the skies adorning,  
Numerous as dew drops from the womb of morning.

## V.

Earth's blooming face with rising flowers he drest,  
And spread a verdant mantle o'er her breast;  
Then from the hollow of his hand he pours  
The circling waters round her winding shores,  
The new born world in their cool arms embracing,  
And with soft murmurs still her banks caressing.

## VI.

At length she rose compleat in finish'd pride,  
All fair and spotless like a virgin bride,  
Fresh with untarnish'd lustre as she stood

Her Maker blest his work, and call'd it good ;  
The morning stars with joyful acclamation  
Exulting sung, and hail'd the new creation.

## VII.

Yet this fair world, the creature of a day,  
Tho' built by God's right hand must pass away ;  
And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,  
The fate of empires, and the pride of kings ;  
Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,  
And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.

## VIII.

The sun himself with weary clouds oppress  
Shall in his silent, dark pavilion rest,  
His golden urn shall broke, and useless lie,  
Amidst the common ruins of the sky :  
The stars rush headlong in the wild commotion  
And bathe their glittering foreheads in the ocean.

## IX.

But fix'd, O God, for ever stands thy throne,  
JEHOVAH reigns, a universe alone,  
Th' eternal fire that feeds each vital flame  
Collected, or diffus'd is still the same,  
He dwells within his own unfathom'd essence,  
And fills all space with his unbounded presence.

## X.

But Oh ! our highest notes the theme debase,  
And silence is our least injurious praise ;  
Cease, cease, your songs, the daring flight controul,  
Revere him in the stillness of the soul :  
With silent duty meekly bend before him,  
And deep within your inmost hearts adore him.

HYMN

## HYMN XXIV. Common Metre.

*The eternal Dominion of GOD.*

## I.

**G**REAT GOD! how infinite art thou!  
What worthless worms are we!  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to thee.

## II.

Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Ere seas or stars were made;  
Thou art the ever-living God,  
Were all the nations dead.

## III.

Nature and time quite naked lie  
To **thine** immense survey,  
From the formation of the sky,  
To the great burning day.

## IV.

Eternity, with all its years,  
Stands present in thy view;  
To thee there's nothing old appears;  
Great God! there's nothing new.

## V.

Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,  
And vex'd with trifling cares,

While

While thine eternal thought moves on  
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

## VI.

Great God ! how infinite art thou !  
What worthless worms are we !  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to thee.

## HYMN XXV. Common Metre.

*Praise for Creation and Providence.*

## I.

**I** SING th' almighty pow'r of God,  
That bade the mountains rise ;  
That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
And built the lofty skies.

## II.

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd  
The sun to rule the day ;  
The moon shines full at his command,  
And all the stars obey.

## III.

I sing the goodness of the LORD,  
That fill'd the earth with food ;  
He form'd the creatures with his word,  
And then pronounc'd them good.

LORD,



## IV.

LORD, how thy wonders are display'd,  
 Where'er I turn mine eye;  
 If I survey the ground I tread,  
 Or gaze upon the sky!

## V.

There's not a plant or flow'r below,  
 But makes thy glories known;  
 And clouds arise, and tempests blow,  
 By order from thy throne.

## VI.

Creatures (as num'rous as they be)  
 Are subject to thy care:  
 There's not a place where we can flee,  
 But GOD is present there.

## VII.

His hand is my perpetual guard;  
 He keeps me with his eye;  
 Why should I then forget the LORD,  
 Who is for ever nigh?

H Y M N XXVI. Long Metre.

*The universal Providence of GOD.*

## I.

**T**HE earth and all the heav'nly frame,  
 Their great Creator's love proclaim:  
 He

He gives the sun his genial pow'r,  
And sends the soft refreshing show'r.

## II.

The ground with plenty blooms again,  
And yields her various fruits to men;  
To men, who from thy bounteous hand,  
Receive the gifts of ev'ry land.

## III.

Nor to the human race alone,  
Is his paternal goodness shown;  
The tribes of earth, and sea, and air,  
Enjoy his universal care.

## IV.

Not ev'n a sparrow yields its breath,  
Till God permit the stroke of death:  
He hears the ravens when they call,  
The father and the friend of all.

HYMN XXVII. Long Metre.

*The providential Goodness of GOD.*

## I.

**P**RAISE ye the LORD; 'tis good to raise  
Our hearts and voices in his praise;  
His nature and his works unite  
To make this duty our delight.

Sing

## II.

Sing to the LORD, the just, the good ;  
He fills our hearts with joy and food ;  
He pours his blessings from the skies,  
And loads our days with rich supplies.

## III.

He sends the sun his circuit round,  
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground :  
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain  
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

## IV.

He makes the grass the hills adorn,  
And cloaths the smiling fields with corn ;  
The beasts with food his hands supply,  
And the young ravens when they cry.

## V.

'Tis to his care we owe our breath,  
And all our near escapes from death :  
Safety and health to God belong ;  
He heals the weak and guards the strong.

## VI.

The wonders which his love hath wrought,  
Exceed our praise, surmount our thought ;  
Should we attempt the long detail,  
Our speech would faint, our numbers fail.

## VII.

Praise ye the LORD : my heart shall join  
Your work so pleasant, so divine,

Sing

Now

Now while this earth is mine abode,  
And when my soul ascends to God.

HYMN XXVIII. Short Metre.

*Praise to GOD from all Nations.*

I.

**Y**E nations, praise the LORD,  
Each with a diff'rent tongue;  
In every language learn his word,  
And let his name be sung.

II.

While angels sound his praise,  
Let mortals learn their strains;  
Let all the earth his honours raise;  
O'er all the earth he reigns.

III.

Praise him with awe profound;  
Let knowledge lead the song;  
Nor mock him with a solemn sound  
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

IV.

Far be his honour spread;  
And let his praise endure,  
Till morning light and ev'ning shade  
Shall be exchange'd no more.

V.

The God we worship now  
Will guide us till we die;

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Will be our God while here below,  
And ours above the sky.

## HYMN XXIX. Short Metre.

*Sincere Praise.*

## I.

**A**LMIGHTY Maker, God!  
How wond'rous is thy name!  
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad  
Thro' the creation's frame!

## II.

Nature in ev'ry dress  
Her humble homage pays,  
And finds a thousand ways t' express  
Thine undissembled praise.

## III.

My soul would rise and sing  
To her Creator too,  
Fain would my tongue adore my King,  
And pay the homage due.

## IV.

Let joy and worship spend  
The remnant of my days,  
And to my God, my soul, ascend,  
In grateful songs of praise.



## HYMN XXX. Proper Tune.

*Saints called upon to praise GOD.*

## I.

**O** PRAISE ye the LORD ; prepare a new song,  
 And let all his saints in full concert join ;  
 With voices united the anthem prolong ;  
 And shew forth his honours in music divine.

## II.

Let praise to the GOD who made us ascend ;  
 Let each grateful heart exult in its king ;  
 For GOD whom we worship our songs will attend,  
 And view with complacence the off'ring we bring.

## III.

Be joyful, ye saints sustain'd by his might,  
 And let your glad songs awake with each morn ;  
 For those who obey him are still his delight  
 His hand with salvation the meek will adorn.

## IV.

Then praise ye the LORD ; prepare a new song ;  
 And let all his saints in full concert join ;  
 With voices united the anthem prolong ;  
 And shew forth his honours in music divine.

## HYMN XXXI. Long Metre.

*The Perfections and Providence of GOD.*

## I.

**W**ITH all our pow'rs of heart and tongue,  
 We'll praise our Maker in our song;  
 Angels

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Angels shall hear the notes we raise,  
Approve the song, and join the praise.

## II.

Angels, who make his church their care,  
Shall witness our devotion there;  
While holy zeal directs our eyes,  
To his fair temple in the skies.

## III.

We bless our God, who reigns above,  
Whose thoughts are kind, whose name is love;  
Whose bounty thro' creation flows,  
And life and bliss on all bestows.

## IV.

He built the earth, he spread the sky;  
He fix'd the starry lights on high;  
He fills the sun with morning light,  
And bids the moon direct the night.

## V.

His goodness crowns each op'ning day;  
His wisdom guides our doubtful way;  
He guards us by his pow'ful hand,  
And brings us to his heav'nly land.

## VI.

O let our souls with joy record  
The truth and goodness of the LORD:  
How great his works! how kind his ways!  
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

## HYMN XXXII. Long Metre.

*GOD our Protector.*

## I.

**H**E that hath made his refuge God,  
 Shall find a most secure abode;  
 Shall walk all day beneath his shade,  
 And safe at night shall rest his head.

## II.

He guides our feet, he guards our way,  
 His morning smiles bless all the day;  
 He spreads the ev'ning vail, and keeps  
 The silent hours while nature sleeps.

## III.

Then will I say, "My God, thy pow'r  
 " Shall be my fortress and my tow'r;  
 " I, who am form'd of feeble dust,  
 " Make thine almighty arm my trust."

## IV.

Up to the hills I lift mine eyes,  
 Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;  
 Thence all her help my soul derives,  
 There my almighty refuge lives.

## V.

He lives, the everlasting God,  
 Who built the world, and spread the flood;  
 He lives, and, by his heav'nly care,  
 Preserves my life from ev'ry snare.

HYMN

H Y M N XXXIII.

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H Y M N XXXIII. Long Metre.

*The daily Goodness of GOD.*

I.

**G**REAT GOD, how endless is thy love !  
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new ;  
And morning mercies from above  
Gently distil, like early dew.

II.

Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,  
Great guardian of our sleeping hours ;  
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,  
And quickens all our drowsy pow'rs.

III.

We yield our pow'rs to thy command ;  
To thee we consecrate our days :  
Perpetual blessings from thine hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

H Y M N XXXIV. Long Metre.

*Divine Condescension to human Affairs.*

I.

**T**O GOD who reigns above the skies  
And views the nations from afar,

C 2

Let

H Y M N

Let everlasting praises rise  
And tell how large his bounties are.

## II.

He who can shake the worlds he made,  
Or by his word, or by his rod,  
His goodness how amazing great !  
And what a condescending God !

## III.

God, who must stoop to view the skies,  
And bow to see what angels do,  
Down to our earth directs his eyes,  
And bends his footsteps downward too.

## IV.

He over-rules all mortal things,  
And manages our mean affairs ;  
On humble souls the King of kings  
Bestows his counsels and his cares.

## V.

O could our thankful hearts devise  
A tribute equal to his grace,  
Up to the heav'n our songs should rise,  
And teach angelic tongues his praise.



## HYMN XXXV. Common Metre.

*GOD our constant Benefactor.*

## I.

**G**REAT GOD! to thee our grateful tongues  
 United thanks shall raise;  
 Inspire our hearts to tune the songs,  
 Which celebrate thy praise.

## II.

From thine almighty forming hand  
 We drew our vital pow'rs;  
 Our time revolves at thy command,  
 In all its circling hours.

## III.

Thy pow'r, our ever present guard,  
 From ev'ry ill defends;  
 While num'rous dangers hover round,  
 Our help from thee descends.

## IV.

Beneath the shadow of thy wings,  
 How sweet is our repose;  
 The morning-light renews the springs  
 From whence our comfort flows.

## V.

In celebration of thy praise  
 We will employ our breath;  
 And, walking steadfast in thy ways,  
 Will triumph over death.

## HYMN XXXVI. Proper Tune.

*Praise to GOD in Prosperity and Adversity.*

## I.

**P**RAISE to GOD, immortal praise,  
 For the love that crowns our days ;  
 Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,  
 Let thy praise our tongues employ.

## II.

For the blessings of the field,  
 For the stores the gardens yield,  
 For the vine's exalted juice,  
 For the gen'rous olive's use :

## III.

Flocks that whiten all the plain,  
 Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain ;  
 Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,  
 Suns that temperate warmth diffuse :

## IV.

All that spring with bounteous hand  
 Scatters o'er the smiling land :  
 All that liberal autumn pours  
 From her rich o'erflowing stores :

## V.

These to thee, my GOD, we owe ;  
 Source whence all our blessings flow ;

And

And for these, my soul shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

## VI.

Yet should rising whirlwinds tear  
From its stem the ripening ear ;  
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot  
Drop her green untimely fruit ;

## VII.

Should the vine put forth no more,  
Nor the olive yield her store ;  
Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,  
And the herds desert the stall ;

## VIII.

Should thine alter'd hand restrain  
The early and the latter rain ;  
Blast each opening bud of joy,  
And the rising year destroy ;

## IX.

Yet to thee my soul should raise  
Grateful vows, and solemn praise ;  
And when every blessing's flown,  
Love thee—for thyself alone.

## HYMN XXXVII. Common Metre.

*Praise to GOD in Life and Death.*

## I.

**M**Y soul shall praise thee, O my God,  
 Thro' all my mortal days;  
 And to eternity prolong  
 Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

## II.

In ev'ry smiling happy hour,  
 Be this my sweet employ;  
 Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,  
 And heightens all my joy.

## III.

When gloomy care, and keen distress,  
 Afflict my throbbing breast,  
 My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,  
 And lull each pain to rest.

## IV.

Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim  
 The honours of my God;  
 My life with all its active pow'rs  
 Shall spread thy praise abroad.

## V.

And when these lips shall cease to move,  
 When death shall close these eyes,

Then

Then shall my soul to nobler heights  
Of joy and transport rise.

## VI.

Then shall her pow'rs in endless strains,  
Their grateful tribute pay ;  
The theme demands an angel's tongue,  
And an eternal day.

## HYMN XXXVIII. Common Metre.

*Praise to GOD through all the Changes of Life.*

## I.

**F**ATHER of mercies, GOD of love,  
My Father, and my GOD ;  
I'll sing the honours of thy name,  
And spread thy praise abroad.

## II.

My soul in pleasing wonder lost,  
Thy various love surveys ;  
Where shall my grateful lips begin,  
Or where conclude thy praise ?

## III.

In ev'ry period of my life,  
Thy thoughts of love appear ;  
Thy mercies gild each transient scene,  
And crown each passing year.



## IV.

In all these mercies may my soul  
 A father's bounty see ;  
 Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows  
 Estrange my heart from thee.

## V.

Teach me in time of deep distress  
 To own thy hand, my God ;  
 And in submissive silence hear  
 The lessons of thy rod.

## VI.

In ev'ry varying mortal state,  
 Each bright, each gloomy scene,  
 Give me a meek and humble mind,  
 Still equal and serene.

## VII.

Then will I close mine eyes in death  
 Without one anxious fear,  
 For death itself is life, my God,  
 If thou art with me there.

HYMN XXXIX. Long Metre.

*GOD acknowledged in our Enjoyments.*

## I.

**F**ATHER of light, we sing thy name,  
 Who kindlest up the lamp of day ;  
 Wide

Wide as he spreads his cheering flame,  
His beams thy pow'r and love display.

## II.

Fountain of good, from thee proceeds,  
In plenteous drops the genial rain,  
Which thro' the hills, and thro' the meads,  
Revives the grass, and swells the grain.

## III.

Thro' the wide world thy bounties spread;  
Yet numbers of our guilty race,  
Tho' by thy daily bounty fed,  
Affront thy law, and slight thy grace.

## IV.

Not so may our forgetful hearts  
O'erlook the tokens of thy care;  
But what thy lib'ral hand imparts,  
Still own in praise, still ask in pray'r.

## V.

So shall our suns more grateful shine,  
And show'rs in richer drops shall fall,  
When all our hearts and lives are thine,  
And thou our God ador'd in all.

## HYMN XL. Common Metre.

*Our short Lives crowned with the Divine  
Goodness.*

## I.

**T**IME ! what an empty vapour 'tis !  
And days how swift they are !  
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,  
Or like a shooting star.

## II.

The present moments just appear,  
Then slide away in haste,  
That we can never say, they're here,  
But only say, they're past.

## III.

Our life is ever on the wing,  
And death is ever nigh ;  
The moment when our lives begin,  
We all begin to die.

## IV.

Yet, mighty God ! our fleeting days  
Thy lasting favours share,  
Yet with the bounties of thy grace  
Thou load'st the rolling year.

## V.

'Tis sov'reign mercy finds us food,  
And we are cloath'd with love ;

While

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While grace stands pointing out the road  
That leads our souls above.

VI.

His goodness runs an endless round ;  
All glory to the LORD :  
His mercy never knows a bound ;  
And be his name ador'd.

VII.

Thus we begin the lasting song,  
And when we close our eyes,  
Let the next age thy praise prolong,  
Till time and nature dies.

H Y M N XLI. Long Metre.

*Praise to GOD through the whole of our  
Existence.*

I.

GOD of my life, thro' all its days  
My grateful pow'rs shall sound thy praise ;  
The song shall wake with op'ning light,  
And cheer the dark and silent night.

II.

When anxious cares would break my rest,  
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,  
Thy

Thy tuneful praises, rais'd on high,  
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

## III.

When death o'er nature shall prevail,  
And all its pow'rs of language fail,  
Joy thro' my swimming eyes shall break,  
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

## IV.

But oh ! when that last conflict's o'er,  
And I am chain'd to earth no more,  
With what glad accents shall I rise,  
To join the music of the skies !

## V.

Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains,  
Which echo thro' the heav'nly plains ;  
And emulate, with joy unknown,  
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

## VI.

The cheerful tribute will I give,  
Long as a deathless soul can live ;  
A work so sweet, a theme so high,  
Demands and crowns eternity.



## HYMN XLII. Common Metre.

*The peculiar Goodness of GOD to the Righteous.*

## I.

WITH pleasing wonder, LORD, we view  
 The bounties of thy grace;  
 How much bestow'd, how much reserv'd,  
 For those who seek thy face.

## II.

Thy lib'ral hand with worldly bliss  
 Oft makes their cup run o'er;  
 And in the cov'nant of thy love  
 They find diviner store.

## III.

Thy mercy hides their num'rous sins,  
 And forms them for the sky;  
 It crowns their lives with present joys,  
 And lifts their hopes on high.

## IV.

For them rich treasures, yet unknown,  
 Are stor'd in worlds to come;  
 Peaceful and pleasant is their way,  
 And happy is their home.

## V.

What equal tribute can we pay?  
 Or how such goodness own?

But

But 'tis our joy that, LORD, to thee  
Thy servants hearts are known.

## VI.

Since time's too short, O gracious God,  
To utter all thy praise,  
Loud to the honour of thy name  
Eternal hymns we'll raise.

HYMN XLIII. As 30th Hymn.

*Praise to GOD by all Mankind.*

## I.

**O** COME all ye sons of Adam and raise  
A song unto God: how lovely his praise!  
Adore him, who reigns in his glory above,  
And fills the wide earth with his tokens of love.

## II.

His breath is your life, your reason a ray  
Effus'd from his light to guide all your way;  
He heals your diseases, your wants he supplies,  
And wipes away tears from the penitent's eyes.

## III.

Dash down your false gods of silver and stone,  
Him worship whom made earth & heaven alone;  
His prophet, his son, his salvation receive,  
Flee, flee from perdition, obey him and live.

O Father

## IV.

O Father of men, in mercy command  
 Thy gospel to shine on all human land;  
 That far as the sun e'er diffuses his flame,  
 Thy praises may rise in Messiah's great name,

## H Y M N XLIV. Long Metre.

*The constant Providence of GOD.*

## I.

**E**TERNAL source of ev'ry joy,  
 Well may thy praise our lips employ,  
 While in thy temple we appear;  
 Thy goodness crowns the circling year.

## II.

Wide as the earth and planets roll,  
 Thy hand supports and cheers the whole:  
 By thee the sun is taught to rise,  
 And darkness when to veil the skies.

## III.

The flow'ry spring at thy command,  
 Embalms the air and paints the land;  
 The summer-rays with vigour shine,  
 To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

Seasons,

## IV.

Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,  
Demand successive hymns of praise :  
Still be the cheerful homage paid,  
With morning light, and ev'ning shade.

## V.

O may our more harmonious tongues,  
In worlds unknown pursue the songs ;  
And in those brighter courts adore,  
Where days and years revolve no more.

## HYMN XLV. Long Metre.

*GOD exalted far above Men.*

## I.

**S**HALL the low race of flesh and blood  
Contend with their Creator, GOD ?  
Shall mortal worms presume to be  
More holy, wise, or just than he ?

## II.

Behold, he puts his trust in none  
Of all the spirits round his throne ;  
Their natures, when compar'd with his,  
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.

But

## III.

nd days, But how much meaner things are they  
Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay!  
Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,  
ade. We faint and vanish like the moth.

## IV.

s, From night to day, from day to night,  
s; We die by thousands in thy fight;  
ore. Bury'd in dust whole nations lie  
Like a forgotten vanity.

## V.

e. Almighty pow'r, to thee we bow;  
How frail are we! how glorious thou!  
No more the sons of earth shall dare  
With an eternal God compare.

l blood  
OD? HYMN XLVI. Long Metre.

*GOD Incomprehensible.*

## I.

his, CAN creatures, to perfection, find  
Th' eternal uncreated mind!  
Or can the largest stretch of thought  
Measure and search his nature out?

But

'Tis



## II.

'Tis high as heav'n, 'tis deep as hell ;  
 And what can mortals know, or tell ?  
 His glory spreads beyond the sky,  
 And all the shining worlds on high.

## III.

GOD is a king of pow'r unknown,  
 Firm are the orders of his throne :  
 If he resolve, who dare oppose,  
 Or ask him why, or what he does ?

## IV.

He wounds the heart, and he makes whole ;  
 He calms the tempest of the soul :  
 When he shuts up in long despair,  
 Who can remove the heavy bar ?

## V.

He frowns, and darkness veils the moon,  
 The fainting sun grows dim at noon :  
 The pillars of heav'n's starry roof  
 Tremble and start at his reproof.

## VI.

He gave the vaulted heav'n its form,  
 The crooked serpent and the worm ;  
 He breaks the billows with his breath,  
 And smites the sons of pride to death.

## VII.

These are a portion of his ways ;  
 But who shall dare describe his face ?

Who

Who can endure his light, or stand  
To hear the thunders of his hand?

## HYMN XLVII. Long Metre.

*GOD exalted above all Praise.*

## I.

ETERNAL pow'r! whose high abode  
Becomes the grandeur of a God;  
Infinite length beyond the bounds,  
Where stars revolve their little rounds:

## II.

Far in the depths of space thy throne  
Burns with a lustre all its own,  
Shining ranks beneath thy feet  
Angelic powers and splendors meet.

## III.

Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?  
We would adore our Maker too;  
From sin and dust to thee we cry,  
The great, the holy, and the high.

## IV.

Earth from afar has heard thy fame,  
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name;  
Oh! the glories of thy mind  
Have all our soaring thoughts behind.

Who

God

## V.

GOD is in heav'n, and men below,  
 Short be our tunes, our words be few;  
 A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,  
 And praise sits silent on our tongues.

## HYMN XLVIII. Short Metre.

*Divine Assistance.*

## I.

**T**O God the only wise,  
 Our Saviour and our King,  
 Let all the saints below the skies  
 Their humble praises bring.

## II.

'Tis his almighty love,  
 His counsel and his care,  
 Preserves us safe from sin and death,  
 And ev'ry hurtful snare.

## III.

He will present our souls  
 Unblemish'd and compleat,  
 Before the glory of his face,  
 With joys divinely great.

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IV.

Then all the pious race  
Shall meet around his throne ;  
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,  
And make his wonders known.

V.

To God the only wise,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Let all the saints below the skies  
Their humble praises bring.

H Y M N XLIX. Long Metre.

*The Holy Scriptures.*

I.

GOD, who in various methods told  
His mind and will to saints of old,  
Sent his own Son, with truth and grace,  
To teach us in these latter days.

II.

Our nation reads his written word,  
The book of life, the true record :  
The bright inheritance of heav'n  
By this sure conveyance giv'n.

God's

## III.

God's kindest thoughts are here express'd,  
 Able to make us wise and bless'd;  
 The doctrines are divinely true,  
 Fit for reproof and comfort too.

## IV.

O render thanks to God above,  
 For his rich grace and boundless love;  
 Let all mankind receive his word,  
 And ev'ry nation praise the LORD.

## HYMN L. Common Metre.

## Hosannah to JESUS CHRIST.

## I.

**H**ARK the glad sound! the SAVIOUR comes  
 The SAVIOUR promis'd long!  
 Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,  
 And ev'ry voice a song.

## II.

On him the spirit largely pour'd,  
 Exerts its sacred fire;  
 Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,  
 His holy breast inspire.



## III.

express'd, He comes, the pris'ners to release,  
 In *Satan's* bondage held;  
 The gates of brass before him burst,  
 The iron fetters yield.

## IV.

love; He comes, from thickest films of vice  
 To clear the mental ray;  
 And on the eye oppress'd with night  
 To pour celestial day.

## V.

etre. He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
 The bleeding soul to cure;  
 And with the treasures of his grace  
 Enrich the humble poor.

## VI.

OUR comes Thy welcome shall proclaim;  
 And heav'n's eternal arches ring  
 With thy beloved name.

## H Y M N LI. Short Metre.

*The Birth of CHRIST.*

## I.

**B**EHOLD, the grace appears;  
 The promise is fulfill'd;

D

*Mary*

*Mary* the wond'rous Virgin bears,  
And *JESUS* is the child.

## II.

To bring the glorious news,  
A heav'nly form appears;  
He tells the shepherds of their joys,  
And banishes their fears.

## III.

"Go humble swains," said he,  
"To *David's* city fly;  
"The promis'd infant born to day,  
"Doth in a manger lie.

## IV.

"With looks and hearts serene,  
"Go visit *CHRIST* your King:"——  
And straight a flaming troop was seen:  
The shepherds heard them sing:

## V.

"Glory to *GOD* on high!  
"And heav'nly peace on earth!  
"Good-will to men, to angels joy,  
"At the Redeemer's birth!

## VI.

In anthems so divine  
Let saints employ their tongues;  
With the celestial host we join,  
And loud repeat their songs:

## VII.

Glory to GOD on high !  
 And heav'nly peace on earth !  
 Good-will to men, to angels joy,  
 At the Redeemer's birth.

## HYMN LII. As the 148th Psalm.

*The Characters of CHRIST.*

## I.

**J**OIN all the glorious names  
 Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,  
 That ever mortals knew,  
 That angels ever bore :  
 All are too mean  
 To speak his worth,  
 Too mean to set  
 My *Saviour* forth.

## II.

Array'd in mortal flesh,  
 He like an *Angel* stands,  
 And holds the promises  
 And pardons in his hands :  
 Commission'd from  
 His Father's throne,

To make his grace  
To mortals known.

## III.

Great *Prophet* of my God,  
My tongue would bless thy name ;  
By thee the joyful news  
Of our salvation came ;  
The joyful news  
Of sins forgiv'n,  
Of hell subdu'd,  
And peace with heav'n.

## IV.

Be thou my *Counsellor*,  
My *Pattern*, and my *Guide* ;  
And thro' this desert land  
Still keep me near thy side.  
O let my feet  
Ne'er run astray,  
Nor rove, nor seek  
The crooked way !

## V.

I love my *Shepherd's* voice,  
His watchful eyes shall keep  
My wand'ring soul among  
The thousands of his sheep :  
He feeds his flock,  
He calls their names,

His

His bosom bears  
The tender lambs.

## VI.

My SAVIOUR, and my LORD,  
My *Conqu'ror*, and my *King*,  
Thy sceptre, and thy sword,  
Thy reigning grace I sing.

Thine is the pow'r ;  
Behold I fit  
In willing bonds  
Beneath thy feet.

## VII.

Now let my soul arise,  
And tread the tempter down ;  
My *Captain* leads me forth  
To conquest and a crown,  
A feeble saint  
Shall win the day,  
Tho' death and hell  
Obstruct the way.

## HYMN LIII. Long Metre.

*The Love of CHRIST.*

## I.

**J**OIN all the names of love and pow'r  
That ever men or angels bore,

D 3

All

His



All are too mean to speak his worth,  
Or set EMANUEL's glory forth.

## II.

But O what condescending ways  
He takes to teach his heav'nly grace !  
My eyes with joy and wonder see  
What forms of love he bears for me.

## III.

When for the works of peace he comes,  
What gracious titles he assumes ?  
Light of the world, and life of men ;  
Nor bears those characters in vain.

## IV.

With tender pity in his heart  
He acts the Mediator's part ;  
A friend and brother he appears,  
And well fulfils the names he wears.

## HYMN LIV. Common Metre.

*The Offices of CHRIST.*

## I.

**W**E bless the prophet of the LORD,  
Who comes with truth and grace ;  
JESUS, thy spirit and thy word.  
Shall guide us in thy ways.

We

## II.

We rev'rence our high priest above,  
 Who offer'd up his blood ;  
 Who lives to carry on his love,  
 And intercedes with God.

## III.

We honour our exalted king ;  
 How wise are his commands !  
 He guards our souls from hell and sin,  
 By his almighty hands.

## IV.

*Hosannab* to his glorious name,  
 Who saves by different ways ;  
 His mercies lay a sov'reign claim  
 To our immortal praise.

## H Y M N LV. Common Metre.

*The Compassion of CHRIST.*

## I.

**W**ITH joy we meditate the grace  
 Of our high priest above ;  
 His heart is made of tenderness,  
 His breast o'erflows with love.

## II.

Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame :  
He knows what fore temptations mean,  
For he has felt the same.

## III.

But spotless, innocent and pure  
The great Redeemer stood,  
While *Satan's* fiery darts he bore,  
And did resist to blood.

## IV.

He in the days of feeble flesh  
Pour'd out his cries and tears,  
And in his measure feels afresh  
What ev'ry member bears.

## V.

He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame ;  
The bruised reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.

## VI.

Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his pow'r,  
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace  
In the distressing hour.

## HYMN LVI. Short Metre.

*The Hope of Pardon by CHRIST.*

## I.

**R**AISE your triumphant songs  
 To an immortal tune ;  
 Let the wide earth resound the deeds  
 Celestial grace hath done.

## II.

Sing how eternal love  
 Its chief beloved chose,  
 And bid him raise our sinful race  
 From their abyfs of woes.

## III.

'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,  
 And wrath stood filent by,  
 When CHRIST was sent with pardons down  
 To rebels doom'd to die.

## IV.

Now finners dry your tears ;  
 Let hopeless sorrow cease,  
 Bow to the sceptre of his love,  
 And take the offer'd peace.

## V.

LORD, we obey the call ;  
 We lay an humble claim

To the salvation thou hast brought,  
And love and praise thy name.

HYMN LVII. Short Metre.

*Christians Sons of GOD.*

## I.

**B**EHOLD, what wond'rous grace  
The Father hath bestow'd  
On sinners of a mortal race,  
To call them sons of God!

## II.

It doth not yet appear,  
How great we must be made;  
But when we see our SAVIOUR here,  
We shall be like our head.

## III.

A hope so much divine  
May trials well endure,  
May purge our souls from sense and sin,  
As CHRIST the LORD is pure.

HYMN



## HYMN LVIII. Common Metre.

*CHRIST'S Death, Victory, and Dominion.*

## I.

**I** SING my SAVIOUR'S wond'rous death ;  
 He conquer'd when he fell ;  
 "'Tis finish'd," said his dying breath,  
 And shook the gates of hell.

## II.

"'Tis finish'd" our EMANUEL cries,  
 "Th' important work is done :"  
 Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise,  
 His kingdom is begun.

## III.

His cross a sure foundation laid  
 For glory and renown ;  
 When, thro' the regions of the dead,  
 He pass'd to reach the crown.

## IV.

Exalted at his father's side  
 Sits our victorious LORD ;  
 To heav'n and hell his hands divide  
 The vengeance or reward.

## V.

The saints, from his propitious eye,  
 Await their sev'ral crowns ;

And all the sons of darkness fly  
The terror of his frowns.

HYMN LIX. Common Metre.

*Praise to CHRIST the Lamb of GOD.*

## I.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne ;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.

## II.

“Worthy the Lamb that dy’d,” they cry,  
“To be exalted thus :”——  
“Worthy the Lamb,” our lips reply,  
For he was slain for us.

## III.

JESUS is worthy to receive  
Honour and pow’r divine ;  
And blessings more than we can give  
Be, LORD, for ever thine.

## IV.

Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to raise thy glories high,  
And speak thy endless praise :

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## V.

The whole creation join in one,  
 To bless the sacred name  
 Of him that sits upon the throne,  
 And to adore the Lamb.

## H Y M N LX. Common Metre.

*For Easter Sunday.*

## I.

**A** GAIN the LORD of life and light  
 Awakes the kindling ray;  
 Unseals the eyelids of the morn,  
 And pours increasing day.

## II.

O what a night was that, which wrapt  
 The heathen world in gloom!  
 O what a sun which broke this day,  
 Triumphant from the tomb!

## III.

This day be grateful homage paid,  
 And loud hosannas sung;  
 Let gladness dwell in every heart,  
 And praise on every tongue.

## IV.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join  
 To hail this welcome morn;

The

Which

Which scatters blessings from its wings,  
To nations yet unborn.

## V.

JESUS, the friend of human kind,  
With strong compassion mov'd,  
Descended like a pitying God,  
To save the souls he lov'd.

## VI.

The powers of darkness leagued in vain  
To bind his soul in death;  
He shook their kingdom when he fell,  
With his expiring breath.

## VII.

Not long the toils of hell could keep  
The hope of JUDAH's line;  
Corruption never could take hold  
On aught so much divine.

## VIII.

And now his conquering chariot wheels  
Ascend the lofty skies;  
While broke, beneath his powerful cross,  
Death's iron sceptre lies.

## IX.

Exalted high at God's right hand,  
And LORD of all below,  
Thro' him is pardoning love dispens'd,  
And boundless blessings flow.

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## X.

And still for erring, guilty man,  
 A brother's pity flows ;  
 And still his bleeding heart is touch'd  
 With memory of our woes.

## XI.

To thee, my SAVIOUR, and my king,  
 Glad homage let me give ;  
 And stand prepar'd like thee to die,  
 With thee that I may live.

## HYMN LXI. Proper Tune.

*Hymn for Easter Sunday.*

## I.

ANGEL! roll the rock away ;  
 Death yield up thy mighty prey ;  
 See he rises from the tomb ;  
 Glowing in immortal bloom.

## II.

'Tis the Saviour, angels, raise  
 Fame's eternal trump of praise,  
 Let the world's remotest bound  
 Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

Shout,



## III.

Shout, ye saints, in rapturous song  
 Let the strains be sweet and strong;  
 Shout the Son of God, this morn  
 From his sepulchre new born.

## IV.

Hail, victorious Jesus, hail;  
 On thy cloud of glory sail  
 In long triumph thro' the sky  
 Up to waiting worlds on high.

## V.

Heaven displays her portals wide,  
 Glorious hero thro' them ride;  
 King of glory, mount thy throne,  
 Angels shall thy empire own.

## VI.

Powers of heaven, seraphic fires,  
 Sing and sweep your sounding lyres;  
 Sons of men, in humble strain,  
 Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.

## VII.

Every note with wonder swell;  
 Sin o'erthrown and captiv'd hell!  
 Where is hell's once dreaded king?  
 Where O death, thy mortal sting?

HYMN

## H Y M N LXII. Common Metre.

*The Resurrection of CHRIST.*

## I.

**H**OSANNA to the prince of light,  
 Who cloath'd himself in clay;  
 Enter'd the iron gates of death,  
 And tore the bars away.

## II.

Hell and the grave unite their force  
 To hold our LORD in vain;  
 The sleeping conqueror arose,  
 And burst their feeble chain.

## III.

See where on clouds he mounts aloft,  
 And to his Father flies,  
 With scars of honour in his flesh,  
 And triumph in his eyes.

## IV.

Death is no more the king of dread,  
 Since our EMANUEL rose;  
 He took the tyrant's sting away,  
 And spoil'd our hellish foes.

## V.

Salvation and immortal praise  
 To our victorious king;

Let

Let heav'n and earth, and rocks and seas  
With glad *Hosannas* ring.

HYMN LXIII. Long Metre.

*The Example of CHRIST.*

I.

**M**Y great Redeemer, and my LORD;  
I read my duty in thy word;  
But in thy life the law appears,  
Drawn out in living characters.

II.

Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,  
Such defence to thy Father's will,  
Such love, and meekness so divine,  
I would transcribe and make them mine.

III.

Cold mountains and the midnight air,  
Witness'd the fervour of thy pray'r;  
The desert thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.

IV.

Be thou my pattern; let me bear  
More of thy lovely image here;  
Then God, the judge, shall own my name  
Among the foll'wers of the Lamb.

HYMN

## HYMN LXIV. Long Metre.

*The Excellence of the Christian Religion.*

## I.

LET everlasting glories crown  
 Thy head, my SAVIOUR, and my LORD!  
 Thy hands have brought salvation down,  
 And writ the blessings in thy word.

## II.

How well thy blessed truths agree!  
 How wise and holy thy commands!  
 Thy promises, how firm they be!  
 How firm our hope and comfort stands!

## III.

Not the feign'd fields of heath'nish bliss  
 Could raise such pleasures in the mind;  
 Nor does the *Turkish* paradise  
 Pretend to joys so well refin'd.

## IV.

What if we trace the globe around,  
 And search from *Britain* to *Japan*;  
 There shall be no religion found,  
 So just to God, so safe for man.

## V.

Should all the forms, which men devise,  
 Assault my faith with treach'rous art,

I'd

I'd call them vanity and lies,  
And bind the gospel to my heart.

HYMN LXV. Short Metre.

*The Happiness of Christians.*

I.

**H**OW welcome is their voice,  
Who speak the SAVIOUR's name,  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And terms of peace proclaim!

II.

How grateful is the sound!  
How good the tidings are!  
The church beholds her SAVIOUR king;  
He reigns and triumphs here.

III.

How happy are our ears,  
That hear this joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found!

IV.

How blessed are our eyes,  
Which see this heav'nly light!  
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,  
But dy'd without the sight.

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## V.

Christians unite their voice,  
 And cheerful notes employ ;  
 Their SAVIOUR's praise inspires their songs,  
 And Heathens learn the joy.

## VI.

The LORD displays his grace,  
 Thro' all the earth abroad ;  
 Let ev'ry nation now behold  
 Their SAVIOUR, and their GOD.

## HYMN LXVI. Long Metre.

*The Christian's Character and Prospects.*

## I.

NO let our lips and lives express  
 The holy gospel we profess ;  
 So let our works and virtues shine,  
 To prove the doctrine all-divine.

## II.

Then shall we best proclaim abroad  
 The honours of our Saviour God,  
 When the salvation reigns within,  
 And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

Our

## III.

Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,  
 Passion and envy, lust and pride;  
 While justice, temperance, truth and love,  
 Our inward piety approve.

## IV.

Religion bears our spirits up,  
 While we expect that blessed hope,  
 The bright appearance of our LORD,  
 And faith stands leaning on his word.

## HYMN LXVII. Long Metre.

*Christian Charity.*

## I.

**N**OT diff'rent food, or diff'rent dress  
 Compose the kingdom of our LORD;  
 But peace, and joy, and righteousness,  
 Faith, and obedience to his word.

## II.

When weaker christians we despise,  
 We do the gospel mighty wrong;  
 For GOD the gracious and the wise  
 Receives the feeble with the strong.

Let pride  
 Meekness  
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III.

Let pride and wrath be banish'd hence,  
Meekness and love our souls pursue :  
Nor shall our practice give offence  
To saints, the *Gentile* or the *Jew*.

H Y M N LXVIII. Long Metre.

*The Yoke of CHRIST easy.*

I.

"COME hither all ye weary souls,  
" Ye heavy laden sinners come,  
" I'll give you rest from all your toils,  
" And raise you to my heav'nly home.

II.

" They shall find rest that learn of me :  
" I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;  
" But passion rages like the sea,  
" And pride is restless as the wind.

III.

" Blest is the man whose shoulders take  
" My yoke, and bear it with delight ;  
" My yoke is easy to his neck,  
" My grace shall make the burden light."

JESUS,

## IV.

JESUS, we come at thy command,  
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,  
Resign our spirits to thy hand,  
To mould and guide us at thy will.

HYMN LXIX. Common Metre.

*Love to CHRIST.* (See John xxi. 15.)

## I.

**D**O not I love thee, O my LORD?  
Behold my heart and see;  
Would I not turn each idol out,  
That dares to rival thee?

## II.

Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,  
I would disdain to feed?  
Hast thou a foe, before whose face  
I fear thy cause to plead?

## III.

Would not mine ardent spirit vie  
With angels round the throne,  
To execute thy sacred will,  
And make thy glory known?

## IV.

Would not my heart pour forth its blood  
In honour of thy name?

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And challenge the cold hand of death  
To damp th' immortal flame?

## V.

Thou know'st I love thee, gracious LORD,  
But O! I long to soar  
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,  
And learn to love thee more.

## HYMN LXX. Short Metre.

*The Communion.*

## I.

**J**ESUS invites his saints  
To meet around his board:  
Here pardon'd sinners sit and hold  
Communion with their LORD.

## II.

Here we survey that love,  
Which spoke in ev'ry breath,  
Which crown'd each action of his life,  
And triumph'd in his death.

## III.

Here let our pow'rs unite,  
His glorious name to raise,  
Pleasure and joy fill ev'ry mind,  
And ev'ry voice be praise.

E

And



## IV.

And while we share the gifts,  
His gracious hands bestow,  
Let ev'ry heart, in friendship join'd,  
With kind affections glow.

## V.

Let love inspire each breast,  
And dictate ev'ry thought;  
Be angry passions far remov'd,  
And selfish views forgot.

## VI.

Our souls, expanded wide  
By our Redeemer's grace,  
Shall in the arms of fervent love,  
All heav'n and earth embrace.

## HYMN LXXI. Long Metre.

*Remembrance of CHRIST.*

## I.

“**E**AT, drink, in mem'ry of your friend;  
Such was our SAVIOUR's last request,  
Who all the pangs of death endur'd,  
That we might live for ever blest.

Yes,

## II.

Yes, we'll record thy matchless love,  
 Thou dearest, tend'rest, best of friends;  
 Thy dying love the noblest praise  
 Of long eternity transcends.

## III.

'Tis pleasure more than earth can give,  
 Thy goodness thro' these veils to see;  
 Thy table food celestial yields,  
 And happy they who sit with thee.

## IV.

But O what vast transporting joys,  
 Shall fill our breasts, our tongues inspire,  
 When, join'd with the celestial train,  
 Our grateful souls thy love admire!

## V.

When these vile bodies, all refin'd,  
 Perfect and glorious as thine own,  
 Unwearied shall our minds obey,  
 And join to make thy favours known!

## HYMN LXXII. Long Metre.

*The Mission of the HOLY SPIRIT.*

## I.

**G**REAT was the day, the joy was great,  
 When CHRIST's belov'd disciples met;  
 E 2 Whilst

Yes,

Whilst on their heads the SPIRIT came,  
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

## II.

What gifts, what miracles he gave!  
And pow'r to kill, and pow'r to save!  
Furnish'd their tongues with wond'rous words,  
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

## III.

Thus arm'd he sent the champions forth,  
From East to West, from South to North:  
"Go and assert your SAVIOUR's cause;  
"Go spread the mystery of the cross."

## IV.

Nations, the learned and the rude,  
Are by these heav'nly arms subdu'd;  
While *Satan* rages at his loss,  
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

## V.

Great king of grace! my heart subdue;  
I would be led in triumph too,  
A willing captive to my LORD,  
And sing the vict'ries of his word.

## H Y M N LXXIII. Long Metre.

*The Divine Immutability a Ground of Consolation.*

## I.

**G**REAT former of this various frame!  
Our souls adore thine awful name;  
And bow and tremble while they praise  
The ancient of eternal days.

## II.

Thou, LORD, with unsurpriz'd survey  
Saw'st nature rising yesterday;  
And, as to-morrow, shall thine eye  
See earth, and stars in ruin lie.

## III.

Beyond an angel's vision bright,  
Thou dwell'st in self-existent light;  
Which shines with undiminish'd ray,  
While suns, and worlds in smoke decay.

## IV.

Our days a transient period run,  
And change with ev'ry circling sun;  
And in the firmest state we boast,  
A moth can crush us into dust.

## V.

But let the creatures fall around ;  
 Let death consign us to the ground ;  
 Let the last gen'ral flame arise,  
 And melt the arches of the skies :

## VI.

Calm as the summer's ocean, we  
 Can all the wreck of nature see,  
 While grace secures us an abode,  
 Unshaken as the throne of God.

## HYMN LXXIV. Common Metre.

*Trust in GOD under Trouble.*

## I.

**M**Y God, the cov'nant of thy love  
 Abides for ever sure,  
 And in its matchless grace I feel  
 My happiness secure.

## II.

What tho' my house be not with thee  
 As nature could desire ?  
 To nobler joys, than nature gives,  
 Thy servants all aspire.

## III.

Since thou, the everlasting God,  
 My Father art become ;

JESUS

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JESUS my guardian, and my friend,  
And heav'n my final home :

IV.

I welcome all thy sov'reign will ;  
For all that will is love :  
And, when I know not what thou dost,  
I wait the light above.

V.

Thy cov'nant in the darkest gloom,  
Shall heav'nly rays impart,  
Which, when my eye-lids close in death,  
Shall warm my chilling heart.

H Y M N LXXV. Common Metre.

*Divine Mercy in Afflictions.* (See Isaiah  
(xxvii. 8.

I.

**G**REAT ruler of all nature's frame,  
We own thy pow'r divine :  
We hear thy breath in ev'ry storm,  
For all the winds are thine.

II.

Wide as they sweep their sounding way,  
They work thy sov'reign will ;

E 4

And

And aw'd by thy majestic voice  
Confusion shall be still.

## III.

Thy mercy tempers ev'ry blast  
To them that seek thy face ;  
And mingles with the tempest's roar  
The whispers of thy grace.

## IV.

Those gentle whispers let me hear,  
Till all the tumult cease ;  
And gales of paradise shall lull  
My weary soul to peace.

## HYMN LXXVI. Common Metre.

*GOD the Support of frail Man.*

## I.

**L**ORD, we adore thy wond'rous name,  
And make that name our trust,  
Which rais'd at first this curious frame,  
From mean, and lifeless dust.

## II.

By dust supported, still it stands,  
Wrought up to various forms,  
Prepar'd by thy creating hands  
To nourish mortal worms.

A while

## III.

A while these frail machines endure,  
 The fabric of a day;  
 Then know their vital pow'rs no more,  
 But moulder back to clay.

## IV.

Yet, LORD, whate'er is felt or fear'd,  
 This thought is our repose,  
 That he, by whom this frame was rear'd,  
 Its various weakness knows.

## V.

Thou view'st us with a pitying eye,  
 Whilst struggling with our load;  
 In pains and dangers thou art nigh,  
 Our Father, and our God.

## VI.

Gently supported by thy love,  
 We tend to realms of peace;  
 Where ev'ry pain shall far remove,  
 And ev'ry frailty cease.

HYMN LXXVII. Common Metre.

*The Divine Presence the good Man's Consolation.*

## I.

**T**O thee my God, my days are known;  
 My soul enjoys the thought;

E 5

My

My actions all before thy face,  
Nor are my wants forgot.

## II.

Each secret breath devotion vents  
Is vocal to thine ear;  
And all my walks of daily life  
Before thine eye appear.

## III.

The vacant hour, the active scene  
Thy mercy shall approve;  
And ev'ry pang of sympathy.  
And ev'ry care of love.

## IV.

Each golden hour of beaming light  
Is gilded by thy rays;  
And dark affliction's midnight gloom  
A present God surveys.

## V.

Full in thy view thro' life I pass,  
And in thy view I die;  
And, when each mortal bond is broke,  
Shall find my God is nigh.

## VI.

Strip'd of its little earthly all  
My soul in smiles shall go:  
And in a heav'nly heritage  
Its father's bounty know.

## HYMN LXXVIII. Common Metre.

*GOD the Friend of the Poor.*

## I.

**P**RAISE to the sov'reign of the sky,  
 Who from his lofty throne  
 Looks down on all that humble lie,  
 And calls such souls his own.

## II.

The haughty sinner he disdains,  
 Tho' gems his temples crown;  
 And from the seat of pomp and pride  
 His vengeance hurls him down.

## III.

On his afflicted pious poor  
 He makes his face to shine;  
 He fills their cottages of clay  
 With lustre all divine.

## IV.

Among the meanest of thy flock  
 There let my dwelling be,  
 Rather than under gilded roofs,  
 If absent, LORD, from thee.

## V.

Poor and afflicted tho' we are,  
 In thy great name we trust;

E 6

And



And bless the hand of sov'reign love,  
Which lifts us from the dust.

HYMN LXXIX. As 150th Psalm.

*Reverence due to the Supreme Sovereign.*

## I.

**T**HE Lord of glory reigns supremely great,  
And o'er heav'n's arches builds his royal  
feat;  
Thro' worlds unknown his sov'reign sway  
extends,  
Nor space nor time his boundless empire ends:  
His eye beholds th' affairs of ev'ry nation,  
And reads each thought thro' his immense  
creation.

## II.

Light'nings, and storms his mighty word obey,  
And planets roll, where he has mark'd their  
way:  
Unnumber'd cherubs veil'd before him stand,  
At his first signal all their wings expand;  
His praise gives harmony to all their voices,  
And ev'ry heart thro' the full choir rejoices.

## III.

Rebellious mortals, cease your tumults vain,  
Nor longer such unequal war maintain:

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Let clay with fellow-clay in combat strive,  
 But dread to brave the pow'r by which you live:  
 With contrite hearts fall prostrate & adore him,  
 For, if he frowns, ye perish all before him.

## HYMN LXXX. Long Metre.

*Submission to the Will of GOD.*

## I.

**F**ATHER divine, (the Saviour cried,  
 While horrors press'd on ev'ry side,  
 And prostrate on the ground he lay)  
 "Remove this bitter cup away.

## II.

"But if these pangs must still be borne,  
 "Or helpless man be left forlorn,  
 "I bow my soul before thy throne,  
 "And say, *Thy will, not mine be done.*"

## III.

Thus our submissive souls would bow,  
 And, taught by JESUS, lie as low;  
 Our hearts, and not our lips alone,  
 Would say, *Thy will, not ours be done.*

## IV.

Then, tho' like him in dust we lie,  
 We'll view the blissful moment nigh,  
 Which, from our portion in his pains,  
 Calls to the joy in which he reigns.

HYMN

Let

## HYMN LXXXI. Long Metre.

*Love to GOD.*

## I.

**M**Y God, whose all-pervading eye  
Views earth beneath, and heav'n above,  
Witness, if here, or there thou seest  
An object of mine equal love.

## II.

Not the gay scenes, where mortal men  
Pursue their bliss, and find their woe,  
Detain my rising heart, which springs  
The nobler joys of heav'n to know.

## III.

Not all the fairest sons of light,  
That lead the army round thy throne,  
Can bound its flight; it presseth on,  
And seeks its rest in God alone.

## IV.

Fix'd near th' immortal source of bliss,  
Dauntless and joyous it surveys  
Each form of horror and distress,  
That earth, combin'd with hell, can raise.

## V.

That feeble flesh shall faint, and die;  
This heart renew its pulse no more;

Ev'n

Ev'n now it views the moment nigh,  
When life's last movements all are o'er.

## IV.

But come, thou vanquish'd king of dread,  
With thine own hand thy pow'r destroy;  
'Tis thine to bear my soul to GOD,  
My portion, and eternal joy.

## HYMN LXXXII. Long Metre.

*GOD our Refuge through all Generations.*

## I.

**T**HOU, LORD, thro' ev'ry changing scene  
Hast to thy saints a refuge been:  
Thro' ev'ry age eternal GOD,  
Their pleasing home, their safe abode.

## II.

In thee our fathers fought their rest;  
In thee our fathers still are blest;  
And, while the tomb confines their dust,  
In thee their souls abide, and trust.

## III.

Lo, we are ris'n, a feeble race,  
A while to fill our father's place;  
Our helpless state with pity view,  
And let us share their refuge too.

Thro'

Ev'n

## IV.

Thro' all the thorny paths we trace  
 In this uncertain wilderness,  
 When friends desert, and foes invade,  
 Revive our heart, and guard our head.

## V.

So when this pilgrimage is o'er,  
 And we must dwell in flesh no more,  
 To thee our sep'rate souls shall come,  
 And find in thee a surer home.

## VI.

To thee our infant race we leave;  
 Them may their father's God receive;  
 That voices yet unform'd may raise  
 Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

## HYMN LXXXIII. Long Metre.

*The Equity of the Divine Dispensations.*

## I.

**F**ATHER of men, who can complain  
 Under thy mild and equal reign?  
 Who does a weight of duty share  
 More than his aids and pow'rs can bear?

## II.

With diff'ring climes and diff'ring lands,  
 With fruitful plains and barren sands,

Thy



Thy hand hath form'd this earthly round,  
And fet each nation in its bound.

## III.

With like variety thy ray  
Here sheds a full, there fainter day;  
While all are in their measure show'd  
The way to happiness and God.

## IV.

O the unbounding grace which brought  
To us the words by Jesus taught!  
So blest and with such hopes inspir'd,  
How much is giv'n, how much requir'd!

HYMN LXXXIV. As the 113th Psalm.

*Confidence in Divine Protection.*

## I.

**T**HE LORD my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye;  
My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.

## II.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;

To

To fertile vales and dewy meads  
 My weary wand'ring steps he leads ;  
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
 Amid the verdant landskip flow.

## III.

Tho' in the paths of death I tread,  
 With gloomy horrors overspread,  
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
 For thou, O LORD, art with me still ;  
 Thy friendly hand shall give me aid,  
 And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.

## IV.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,  
 Thro' devious lonely wilds I stray,  
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;  
 The barren wilderness shall smile,  
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
 And streams shall murmur all around.

## HYMN LXXXV. Short Metre.

*Worldly Anxiety reproved.*

## I.

**W**HY do I thus perplex  
 My life, a breath of air,  
 With fears of distant ills, and vex  
 My heart with fruitless care ?

Can

## II.

Can thought and toil increase  
My days appointed sum?  
Why waste I then my time, my peace,  
To hoard for years to come?

## III.

These covetous desires,  
These restless cares I leave  
To them whose hope at death expires,  
And who in chance believe.

## IV.

Will he whose bounty gave  
My life, its food deny?  
Who form'd my nature apt to crave,  
Its cravings not supply?

## V.

Behold the flowers that grow,  
That for the furnace stand,  
With what rich dyes their garments glow  
Without the lab'ring hand.

## VI.

The tribes that wing the sky,  
That neither sow nor reap,  
Send up to God their daily cry,  
Who gives them food and sleep.

## VII.

Then, let to-morrow's cares  
Until to-morrow stay :

The

The trouble which to-day prepares,  
Suffices for to-day.

## VIII.

To nobler work applied  
My soul shall upwards climb;  
And trust my Father to provide  
The needful things of time.

## HYMN LXXXVI. Common Metre.

*Confidence in GOD our Father.*

## I.

**O** God, on thee we all depend,  
On thy paternal care:  
Thou wilt the father and the friend,  
In ev'ry act appear.

## II.

With open hand, and lib'ral heart,  
Thou wilt our wants supply;  
Thy heav'nly blessings still impart,  
And no good thing deny.

## III.

Our father knows what's good and fit,  
And wisdom guides his love;  
To thine appointments we submit,  
And ev'ry choice approve.

## IV.

In thy paternal love and care,  
 With cheerful hearts we trust;  
 Thy tender mercies boundless are,  
 And all thy thoughts are just.

## V.

We cannot want, while God provides;  
 What he ordains is best;  
 And heav'n whate'er we want besides,  
 Will give eternal rest.

## HYMN LXXXVII. Common Metre.

*Submission under Afflictions.*

## I.

**N**AKED as from the earth we came,  
 And rose to life at first;  
 We to the earth return again,  
 And mingle with the dust.

## II.

The dear delights we here enjoy,  
 And call our own in vain;  
 Are but short pleasures borrow'd now  
 To be repaid again.

## III.

'Tis GOD, who lifts our comforts high,  
 Or sinks them to the grave;

He



He gives, and blessed be his name,  
He takes but what he gave.

## IV.

Peace, all our restless passions, then,  
Let each impatient sigh  
Be silent, at his sov'reign will,  
And ev'ry murmur die.

## V.

If smiling mercy crown our lives,  
Its praises shall be spread;  
And we'll adore the justice too,  
Which strikes our comforts dead.

HYMN LXXXVIII. Short Metre.

*Joy in GOD.*

## I.

**C**OME, we who love the LORD,  
And let our joys be known;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround his throne.

## II.

The sorrows of the mind  
Be banish'd from the place;  
Religion never was design'd  
To make our pleasures less.

## III.

The God who rules on high,  
And thunders when he please,  
Who rides upon the stormy sky,  
And manages the seas :

## IV.

This awful God is ours,  
Our father and our love ;  
He shall send down his heav'nly pow'rs,  
To carry us above.

## V.

Then shall we see his face,  
And never, never sin ;  
Then, from the rivers of his grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in.

## VI.

Yes, and before we rise  
To that immortal state,  
The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
Should constant joy create.

## VII.

The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below ;  
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow.

## VIII.

Then let our songs abound,  
And ev'ry tear be dry ;

We're

We're marching, thro' EMANUEL's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN LXXXIX. Common Metre.

*Acceptable Worship.*

I.

**G**OD is a spirit just and wise;  
He sees our inmost mind;  
In vain to heav'n we raise our cries,  
And leave our souls behind.

II.

Nothing but truth, before his throne,  
With honour can appear;  
The painted hypocrites are known,  
Thro' the disguise they wear.

III.

Their lifted eyes salute the skies,  
Their bended knees the ground;  
But GOD abhors the sacrifice,  
Where not the heart is found.

IV.

LORD, search my thoughts, and try my ways,  
And make my soul sincere;  
Then shall I stand before thy face,  
And find acceptance there.

HYMN

## HYMN XC. Short Metre.

*The LORD's Day welcomed.*

I.

**W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
Which saw the SAVIOUR rise;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes.

II.

The LORD himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints to day;  
Here we may sit and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.

III.

One day, amidst the place  
In which our God hath been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.

## HYMN XCI. Long Metre.

*Devotion vain without Virtue.*

I.

**T**H' uplifted eye and bended knee  
Are but vain homage, LORD, to thee;  
F In

In vain our lips thy praise prolong,  
The heart a stranger to the song.

## II.

Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,  
The breaches of thy precept heal?  
Or fast and penance reconcile  
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile?

## III.

The pure, the humble, contrite mind,  
Thankful, and to thy will resign'd,  
To thee a nobler offering yields  
Than Sheba's groves or Sharon's fields;

## IV.

Than floods of oil or floods of wine,  
Ten thousand rolling to thy shrine,  
Or than if, to thine altar led,  
A first-born son the victim bled.

## V.

"Be *just* and *kind*," that great command  
Doth on eternal pillars stand:  
This did thy ancient prophets teach,  
And this thy sole-begotten preach.



## HYMN XCII. Long Metre.

*Family Devotion.*

## I.

**F**ATHER of men, thy care we bless,  
Which crowns our families with peace:  
From thee they spring, and by thy hand  
Their root and branches are sustain'd.

## II.

To GOD, most worthy to be prais'd,  
Be our domestic altars rais'd;  
Who, LORD of heav'n, scorns not to dwell  
With saints, in their obscurest cell.

## III.

To thee let each united house,  
Morning and night, present its vows:  
Our servants there, and rising race,  
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.

## IV.

O may each future age proclaim  
The honours of thy glorious name;  
While, pleas'd and thankful, we remove,  
To join the family above.

## HYMN XCIII. Common Metre.

*Secret Devotion.*

## I.

**F**ATHER divine, thy piercing eye  
Looks thro' the shades of night;  
In deep retirement thou art nigh,  
With heart-discerning sight.

## II.

There shall that piercing eye survey  
My humble worship paid,  
With ev'ry morning's dawning ray,  
And ev'ry ev'ning's shade.

## III.

I'll leave behind each earthly care;  
To thee my soul shall soar;  
While grateful praise, and fervent pray'r,  
Employ the silent hour.

## IV.

So shall the sun in smiles arise;  
The day shall close in peace;  
So wilt thou train me for the skies,  
Where joy shall never cease.

## HYMN XCIV. Long Metre.

*Religious Retirement.*

## I.

**M**Y God, permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and thee;  
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.

## II.

Why should my passions mix with earth,  
And thus debase my heav'nly birth;  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And let my GOD, my SAVIOUR go?

## III.

Call me away from flesh and sense,  
One sov'reign word can draw me thence;  
I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.

## IV.

Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;  
Let noise and vanity be gone:  
In secret silence of the mind  
My heav'n, and there my GOD I find.

HYMN XCV. Common Metre.

*The LORD's Prayer imitated.*

I.

**F**ATHER of all ! eternal mind !  
 Immensely good and great !  
 Thy children form'd and bless'd by thee,  
 Approach thy heav'nly seat.

II.

Thy name in hallow'd strains be sung !  
 We join the solemn praise :  
 To thy great name, with heart and tongue,  
 Our cheerful homage raise.

III.

Thy sov'reign, mild, and righteous reign  
 Let ev'ry being own :  
 And in our minds, thy work divine,  
 Erect thy gracious throne.

IV.

As angels round thy seat above,  
 Thy blest commands fulfil ;  
 So may thy creatures here below  
 Perform thy heav'nly will.

V.

On thee we day by day depend,  
 Our daily wants supply :

And

And feed with truth and virtue pure,  
Our souls which never die.

## VI.

Extend thy grace to ev'ry fault,  
Oh ! let thy love forgive :  
Teach us divine forgiveness too,  
Nor let resentments live.

## VII.

Where tempting snares bestrew the way,  
Permit us not to tread :  
Avert the threat'ning evil near,  
From our unguarded head.

## VIII.

Thy sacred name we thus adore,  
With joyful humble mind :  
And praise thy goodness, pow'r, and truth,  
Eternal, unconfi'd.

## HYMN XCVI. Common Metre.

*The Universal Prayer.*

## I.

**F**ATHER of all, in ev'ry age,  
In ev'ry clime, ador'd,  
By saint, by savage, and by sage,  
The universal LORD !



## II.

What conscience dictates to be done,  
Or warns me not to do,  
This, teach me more than hell to shun,  
That, more than heav'n pursue.

## III.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,  
Let me not cast away ;  
For God is paid, when man receives,  
T' enjoy is to obey.

## IV.

Yet not to earth's contracted span  
Thy goodness let me bound ;  
Or think thee LORD alone of man,  
When thousand worlds are round.

## V.

Let not this weak unknowing hand  
Presume thy bolts to throw,  
And deal damnation round the land,  
On each I judge thy foe.

## VI.

If I am right, thy grace impart,  
Still in the right to stay ;  
If I am wrong, O teach my heart,  
To find that better way.

## VII.

Save me alike from foolish pride,  
Or impious discontent,

At

At aught thy wisdom hath deny'd,  
Or aught thy goodness lent.

## VIII.

Teach me to feel another's woe,  
To hide the fault I see;  
That mercy I to others shew,  
That mercy shew to me.

## IX.

This day be bread and peace my lot;—  
But all beneath the sun,  
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not;  
And let thy will be done.

## X.

To thee, whose temple is all space,  
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,  
One chorus let all beings raise!  
All nature's incense rise!

## HYMN XCVII. Long Metre.

*A Morning Hymn.*

## I.

**G**OD of the morning, at whose voice  
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,  
And like a giant doth rejoice  
To run his journey thro' the skies.

At

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From

## II.

From the fair chambers of the east  
The circuit of his race begins,  
And without weariness or rest  
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

## III.

Oh, like the sun, may I fulfil  
Th' appointed duties of the day,  
With ready mind and active will  
March on and keep my heav'nly way.

## IV.

But I shall rove and lose the race,  
If God, my sun, shall disappear,  
And leave me in the world's wild maze  
To follow ev'ry wand'ring star.

## V.

LORD, thy commands are clean and pure,  
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes ;  
Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure,  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

## VI.

Give me thy counsel for my guide,  
And then receive me to thy bliss ;  
All my desires and hopes beside  
Are faint and cold, compar'd with this.

## HYMN XCVIII. Long Metre.

*An Evening Hymn.*

## I.

**T**HUS far the LORD has led me on,  
 Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days;  
 And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known  
 Some fresh memorial of his grace.

## II.

Much of my time has run to waste,  
 And I perhaps am near my home;  
 But he forgives my follies past,  
 He gives me strength for days to come.

## III.

I lay my body down to sleep,  
 Peace is the pillow for my head;  
 His ever-watchful eye shall keep  
 Its constant guard around my head.

## IV.

Faith in his name forbids my fear:  
 O may thy presence ne'er depart!  
 And in the morning make me hear  
 The love and kindness of thy heart.

## V.

Thus when the night of death shall come,  
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,

And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,  
With sweet salvation in the sound.

HYMN XCIX. Common Metre.

*A Morning Hymn.*

I.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day  
Salutes thy waking eyes ;  
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
To him that rolls the skies.

II.

Night unto night his name repeats,  
The day renews the sound,  
Wide as the heav'n on which he sits,  
To turn the seasons round.

III.

'Tis he supports my mortal frame,  
My tongue shall speak his praise ;  
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,  
And yet his wrath delays.

IV.

Great God, let all my hours be thine,  
While I enjoy the light ;  
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
And bring a pleasant night.

HYMN



## HYMN C. Common Metre.

*For Morning or Evening.*

## I.

**H**OSANNAH, with a cheerful sound,  
To God's upholding hand ;  
Ten thousand snares attend us round,  
And yet secure we stand.

## II.

That was a most amazing pow'r,  
Which rais'd us with a word ;  
And ev'ry day and ev'ry hour  
We lean upon the LORD.

## III.

The ev'ning rests our weary head,  
And angels guard the room ;  
We wake, and we admire the bed  
Which was not made our tomb.

## IV.

The rising morning can't assure  
That we shall end the day ;  
For death stands ready at the door  
To make our lives his prey.

## V.

God is our sun, whose daily light  
Our joy and safety brings ;

Our

Our feeble frames lie safe at night,  
Beneath his guardian wings.

HYMN CI. Long Metre.

*The Beatitudes.*

I.

**B**LESS'D are the humble souls that see  
Their emptiness and poverty ;  
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,  
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.

II.

Bless'd are the men of broken heart,  
Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;  
From heav'n the streams of mercy flow,  
A healing balm for all their woe.

III.

Bless'd are the meek who stand afar  
From rage and passion, noise and war ;  
God will secure their happy state,  
And plead their cause against the great.

IV.

Bless'd are the souls that thirst for grace,  
Hunger and long for righteousness ;  
They shall be well supplied and fed  
With living streams and living bread.

Bless'd

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## V.

Bless'd are the men whose bowels move,  
And melt with sympathy and love ;  
From CHRIST the LORD shall they obtain  
Like sympathy and love again.

## VI.

Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean  
From the defiling pow'rs of sin ;  
With endless pleasure they shall see  
A GOD of spotless purity.

## VII.

Bless'd are the men of peaceful life.  
Who quench the coals of growing strife ;  
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss ;  
The sons GOD, the GOD of peace.

## VIII.

Bless'd are the suff'ers who partake  
Of pain and shame for JESUS' sake ;  
Their souls shall triumph in the LORD,  
Glory and joy are their reward.

## H Y M N CII. Long Metre.

*The Voice of Wisdom.*

## I.

**T**HUS saith the wisdom of the LORD,  
"Bless'd is the man that hears my word ;  
" Keeps

" Keeps daily watch before my gates,  
 " And at my feet for mercy waits.

## II.

" The soul that seeks me shall obtain  
 " Immortal wealth and heav'nly gain;  
 " Immortal life is his reward,  
 " Life, and the favour of the LORD.

## III.

" But the vile wretch that flies from me,  
 " Doth his own soul an injury;  
 " Fools that against my grace rebel  
 " Seek death, and love the road to hell."

## HYMN CIII. Common Metre.

*A Living and a Dead Faith.*

## I.

**M**istaken souls! that dream of heav'n,  
 And make their empty boast  
 Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,  
 While they are slaves to lust.

## II.

Vain are our fancies, airy flights,  
 If faith be cold and dead,  
 None but a living pow'r unites  
 To CHRIST the living head.

'Tis

## III.

'Tis faith that changes all the heart;  
 'Tis faith that works by love;  
 That bids all sinful joys depart,  
 And lifts the thoughts above.

## IV.

'Tis faith that conquers death and hell,  
 By a celestial pow'r;  
 This is the grace that shall prevail  
 In the decisive hour.

## HYMN CIV. Long Metre.

*The Hypocrite and Apostate.*

## I.

**B**ROAD is the road that leads to death,  
 And thousands walk together there;  
 But wisdom shows a narrower path,  
 With here and there a traveller.

## II.

"Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"  
 Is the Redeemer's great command:  
 Nature must count her gold but dross,  
 If she would gain the heav'nly land.

'Tis

The



## III.

The fearful soul that tires and faints,  
And walks the ways of God no more,  
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,  
And makes his own destruction sure.

## IV.

LORD, let not all my hopes be vain,  
Create my heart entirely new;  
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,  
Which false apostates never knew.

## HYMN CV. Common Metre.

*The Advantages of early Religion.*

## I.

**H**APPY the man whose early years  
Receive instruction well:  
Who hates the sinners path, and fears  
The road that leads to hell.

## II.

When we devote our youth to God,  
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;  
A flow'r, when offer'd in the bud.  
Is no vain sacrifice.

## III.

'Tis easier work if we begin  
To fear the Lord betimes;

While

While sinners that grow old in sin  
Are harden'd in their crimes.

## IV.

It will save us from a thousand snares,  
To mind religion young;  
Grace will preserve our following years,  
And make our virtue strong.

## HYMN CVI. Long Metre.

*The Pleasures of a good Conscience.*

## I.

**L**ORD, how secure and blest'd are they  
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin!  
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,  
Their minds have heav'n and peace within.

## II.

The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,  
Made up of innocence and love;  
And soft and silent as the shades  
Their nightly minutes gently move.

## III.

Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,  
But fly not half so fast away;  
Their souls are ever bright as noon,  
And calm as summer evenings be.

While

How

## IV.

How oft they look to th' heav'nly hills,  
Where groves of living pleasure grow,  
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles  
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.

## V.

They scorn to seek for golden toys,  
But spend the day, and share the night,  
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys  
That heav'n prepares for their delight.

## HYMN CVII. Long Metre.

*A good Conscience the best Support under  
Afflictions.*

## I.

**W**HILE some in folly's pleasures roll,  
And seek the joys which hurt the soul;  
Be mine, that silent calm repast,  
A peaceful conscience to the last:

## II.

That tree, which bears immortal fruit,  
Without a canker at the root;  
That Friend, who never fails the just,  
When other friends desert their trust.

## III.

With this companion in the shade,  
My soul no more shall be dismay'd;

I will

I will defy the midnight gloom,  
And the pale monarch of the tomb.

## IV.

Tho' heav'n afflict, I'll not repine;  
The noblest comforts still are mine;  
Comforts which shall o'er death prevail,  
And journey with me thro' the vale.

## V.

Amidst the various scene of ills,  
Each stroke some kind design fulfils;—  
And shall I murmur at my God,  
When sov'reign love directs the rod?

## VI.

His hand will smoothe my rugged way,  
And lead me to the realms of day;  
To milder skies and brighter plains,  
Where everlasting pleasure reigns.

## HYMN CVIII. Common Metre.

*Inconstancy in Religion.*

## I.

**P**ERPETUAL source of light and grace,  
We hail thy sacred name:  
Thro' ev'ry year's revolving round  
Thy goodness is the same.

On



## II.

On us, all-worthless as we are,  
 Its wond'rous mercy pours ;  
 Sure as the heav'n's establish'd course,  
 And plenteous as the show'rs.

## III.

Inconstant service we repay,  
 And treach'rous vows renew ;  
 False as the morning's scatt'ring cloud,  
 And transient as the dew.

## IV.

In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,  
 And loud implore thy grace  
 To bear our feeble footsteps on  
 In all thy righteous ways.

## V.

Arm'd with thine energy divine  
 Our souls shall steadfast move,  
 And with increasing transport press  
 On to thy courts above.

## VI.

So by thy pow'r the morning sun  
 Pursues his radiant way,  
 Brightens each moment in his race,  
 And shines to perfect day.



## HYMN CIX. Short Metre.

*The Invitation of Wisdom.*

## I.

**T**IS wisdom's earnest cry;  
 Wisdom, the voice of God,  
 To young and old, the low and high,  
 Utters his will abroad.

## II.

Within the human breast,  
 Her strong monitions plead:  
 She thunders her divine protest,  
 Against th' unrighteous-deed.

## III.

Within the holy place,  
 She stretches out her hand;  
 "O sinners listen to my grace;  
 "Ye simple understand.

## IV.

"The race of man I love,  
 "In mercy I chastise,  
 "Severely faithful I reprove,  
 "Hear, mortals, and be wise.

## V.

"My house, a royal pile,  
 "Invites you thro' its gate:

"O leave

" O leave the wilds of sin and guile,  
 " And enter, e'er too late.

## VI.

" My joy, unsensual, taste ;  
 " Come, drink of wisdom's wine :  
 " No sorrow poisons my repast,  
 " The banquet is divine.

## VII.

" Honour and peace with me  
 " And joys immortal dwell :  
 " Your ways of woe and infamy  
 " Take hold on death and hell.

HYMN CX. Long Metre.

*The one Thing needful.*

## I.

**W**HY will ye lavish out your years  
 Amidst a thousand trifling cares ?  
 While in this various range of thought  
*The one thing needful* is forgot ?

## II.

Why will ye chase the fleeting wind,  
 And famish an immortal mind ;  
 While angels with regret look down  
 To see you spurn a heav'nly crown ?

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## III.

Th' eternal God calls from above,  
 And Jesus pleads his bleeding love ;  
 Awaken'd conscience gives you pain ;  
 And shall they join their pleas in vain ?

## IV.

Not so your dying eyes shall view  
 Those objects, which ye now pursue ;  
 Not so shall heav'n and hell appear,  
 When the decisive hour is near.

## V.

Almighty God, thy pow'r impart  
 To fix conviction on the heart ;  
 Thy pow'r unveils the blindest eyes,  
 And makes the haughtiest scorner wise.

## HYMN CXI. Long Metre.

*Justice.*

## I.

**M**Y soul abjure th' accursed throng,  
 Whose prosp'ring wealth increases fast,  
 By fraud, by violence, and wrong,  
 Still thriving for the thunder's blast.

## II.

If high or low my station be,  
 Of noble, or ignoble name,

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By uncorrupted honesty  
Thy blessing, LORD, I'd humbly claim.

## III.

Enrich'd with that, no want I'll fear,  
Thy providence shall be my trust;  
Thou wilt provide my portion here,  
Thou friend and guardian of the just.

## IV.

Oh may I with sincere delight  
To all the task of duty pay;  
Tender of ev'ry social right,  
Obedient to thy righteous sway.

## V.

Such virtue thou wilt not forget  
In worlds where ev'ry virtue shares  
A fit reward, tho' not of debt,  
But what thy boundless grace prepares.

## HYMN CXII. Common Metre.

*Equity.*

## I.

**C**OME, let us search our ways, and try,  
Have they been just and right;  
Is the great rule of equity  
Our practice and delight?

What

## II.

What we would have our neighbour do,  
Have we still done the same?  
And ne'er delay'd to pay his due,  
Nor injur'd his good name?

## III.

Do we relieve the poor distress'd?  
Nor give our tongues a loose,  
To make their names our scorn and jest,  
Nor treat them with abuse?

## IV.

Have we not found our envy grow,  
To hear another's praise?  
Nor robb'd him of his honour due,  
By sly malicious ways?

## V.

In all we sell, and all we buy,  
Is justice our design?  
Do we remember God is nigh,  
And fear the wrath divine?

## VI.

In vain we talk of Jesus' blood,  
And boast his name in vain,  
If we can slight the laws of God,  
And prove unjust to men.



## HYMN CXIII. Common Metre.

*Prudence.*

## I.

O 'Tis a lovely thing to see  
 A man of prudent heart,  
 Whose thoughts, and lips, and life agree  
 To act a useful part.

## II.

When envy, strife, and wars begin  
 In little angry souls;  
 Mark how the sons of peace come in,  
 And quench the kindling coals.

## III.

Their minds are humble, mild and meek,  
 Nor let their fury rise:  
 Nor passion moves their lips to speak,  
 Nor pride exalts their eyes.

## IV.

Their lives are prudence mix'd with love;  
 Good works employ their day;  
 They join the serpent with the dove,  
 But cast the sting away.

## V.

Such was the SAVIOUR of mankind,  
 Such pleasures he pursu'd;

His

His manners gentle and refin'd,  
His soul divinely good.

## HYMN CXIV. Common Metre.

*Fidelity.*

## I.

**L**ET those who bear the Christian name  
Their holy vows fulfil;  
The saints, the followers of the Lamb,  
Are men of honour still.

## II.

True to the solemn oaths they take,  
Though to their hurt they swear:  
Constant and just to all they speak,  
For God and angels hear.

## III.

Still with their lips their hearts agree,  
Nor flatt'ring words devise:  
They know the God of truth can see  
Through ev'ry false disguise.

## IV.

They hate th' appearance of a lie,  
In all the shapes it wears;  
Firm to the truth; and when they die,  
Eternal life is theirs.

## HYMN CXV. Long Metre.

*Charitable Judgment.*

## I.

**A**LL knowing GOD! 'tis thine to know  
 The springs whence wrong opinions flow;  
 To judge, by principles within,  
 When frailty errs and when we sin.

## II.

Who among men, high LORD of all,  
 Thy servant to his bar shall call,  
 For modes of faith judge him a foe,  
 And doom him to the realms of woe.

## III.

Who with another's eye can read?  
 Or worship by another's creed?  
 Revering thy commands alone,  
 We humbly seek and use our own.

## IV.

If wrong forgive, approve if right;  
 While faithful we obey our light,  
 And cens'ring none, are zealous still,  
 To follow, as to learn thy will.

## V.

When shall our happy eyes behold  
 Thy people fashion'd in thy mould;

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And charity our lineage prove  
Deriv'd from thee, O God of love?

## HYMN CXVI. - Common Metre.

*The Excellence of Love.*

## I.

**H**APPY the heart where virtues reign,  
Where love inspires the breast;  
Love is the brightest of the train,  
And strengthens all the rest.

## II.

'Tis love which makes our willing feet  
In swift obedience move;  
The devils know and tremble too,  
But *Satan* cannot love.

## III.

Love suffers long, with patient eye,  
Nor is provok'd in haste;  
She lets the present injury die,  
And soon forgets the past.

## IV.

She nor desires, nor seeks, to know  
The scandals of the time;  
Nor looks with pride on those below,  
Nor envies those who climb.

## V.

She lays her own advantage by,  
 To seek her neighbour's good :  
 So God's own Son came down to die,  
 And sav'd us by his blood.

## VI.

Love is the grace that lives and sings,  
 When faith and hope shall cease ;  
 'Tis love shall strike our joyful strings,  
 In the bright realms of bliss.

## HYMN CXVII. Common Metre.

*Christian Charity.*

## I.

**B**EHOLD where breathing love divine  
 Our dying Master stands !  
 His weeping followers gathering round  
 Receive his last commands.

## II.

From that mild Teacher's parting lips  
 What tender accents fell !  
 The gentle precept which he gave  
 Became its Author well.

## III.

" Blest is the man, whose soft'ning heart  
 " Feels all another's pain ;

" To



To whom the supplicating eye

" Was never rais'd in vain :

## IV.

Whose breast expands with gen'rous warmth

" A stranger's woes to feel ;

And bleeds in pity o'er the wound

" He wants the pow'r to heal.

## V.

He spreads his kind supporting arms

" To ev'ry child of grief ;

His secret bounty largely flows,

" And brings unask'd relief.

## VI.

To gentle offices of love

" His feet are never slow ;

He views thro' mercy's melting eye

" A brother in a foe.

## VII.

Peace from the bosom of his God,

" My peace to him I give ;

And when he kneels before the throne,

" His trembling soul shall live.

## VIII.

To him protection shall be shewn ;

" And mercy from above

Descend on those who thus fulfil

" The perfect law of love."

## HYMN CXVIII. Long Metre.

*Love to all Mankind.*

## I.

**O** GOD, my SAVIOUR, and my KING,  
Of all I have or hope the spring!  
Send down thy spirit from above,  
And warm my heart with holy love.

## II.

With pity let my breast o'erflow,  
When I behold a wretch in woe;  
And bear a sympathizing part,  
With all who are of heavy heart.

## III.

And, when another's prosp'rous state  
Shall joy within himself create,  
Let me too in his triumph join,  
And count his peace and pleasure mine.

## IV.

Yea, should my neighbour spiteful prove,  
Still let me vanquish spite with love;  
Slow to resent, tho' he would grieve,  
But always ready to forgive.

## V.

Let love in all my conduct shine,  
An image fair, tho' faint, of thine:

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Father

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Let me thine humble foll'wer prove,  
 Father of men, great God of love.

## HYMN CXIX. Short Metre.

*Mercy.*

I.

**B**EHOLD a wretch in woe,  
 A fellow-mortal mourns :  
 My eyes with tears of pity flow,  
 My heart his sighs returns.

II.

I hear the thirsty cry,  
 The famish'd beg for bread :  
 O let my spring its stream supply,  
 My hand its bounty shed.

III.

Lo, the poor debtor sues,  
 Pale at the penal threat,  
 A starving family he shews ;  
 I cancel all the debt.

IV.

And shall not wrath relent,  
 Touch'd by that humble strain,  
 My brother crying, "I repent,  
 "Nor will offend again?"

G 6

How

## V.

How else, on sprightly wing,  
Can hope bear high my pray'r  
Up to thy throne, my God, my King,  
To plead for pardon there?

## VI.

The pitiful and kind  
Thy pity will repay;  
With thee shall the forgiving find  
A sweet forgiving day.

## VII.

But justice lifts her scale,  
And shakes her rod on high;  
Nor pray'rs, nor sighs, nor tears avail  
The sons of cruelty.

## HYMN CXX. Common Metre.

*Domestic Love and Happiness.*

## I.

**L**O, what an entertaining sight  
Are kindred that agree!  
How blest the house, where hearts unite  
In bands of piety!

## II.

Where streams of love, from heav'nly springs,  
Descend to ev'ry soul;

And

And sacred peace, with balmy wings,  
Shades and bedews the whole.

## III.

All in their proper stations move;  
And each fulfils his part,  
In all the cares of life and love,  
With sympathizing heart.

## IV.

Their souls are form'd for joy and peace;  
Their hearts and hopes are one;  
And kind designs to serve and please,  
Thro' all their actions run.

## V.

How happy is the pious house,  
Where zeal and friendship meet;  
Where songs of praise, and mingled vows,  
Make the communion sweet.

## VI.

Such pleasure crowns the heav'nly hills;  
Thus saints are blest above;  
Where joy like morning dew distils,  
And all the air is love.



## HYMN CXXI. Long Metre.

*Persecution.*

## I.

**A**BSURD and vain attempt ! to bind  
 With iron chains the free-born mind;  
 To force conviction, and reclaim  
 The wand'ring by destructive flame.

## II.

Bold arrogance ! to snatch from heav'n  
 Dominion not to mortals giv'n ;  
 O'er conscience to usurp the throne,  
 Accountable to GOD alone.

## III.

Mad zeal ! that with hell-fury burns,  
 The rights of GOD and man o'erturns ;  
 Whose blind presumption sanctifies  
 Murders, rebellions, plots and lies.

## IV.

Thus Rome asserts her proud decrees,  
 Enforc'd by fierce anathemas ;  
 And stirs up vengeance to devour  
 The foes of antichristian pow'r.

## V.

JESUS, thy gentle law of love  
 Doth no such cruelties approve :

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Mild as thyself, thy doctrine wields  
No arms but what persuasion yields.

## VI.

By proofs divine and reason strong  
It draws the willing soul along;  
And conquests to thy church acquires  
By eloquence which heav'n inspires.

## VII.

O happy, who are thus compell'd  
To the rich feast by Jesus held!  
Britain, thy blessings know; and prize  
The light which liberty supplies.

## HYMN CXXII. Short Metre.

*The Right and Duty of private Judgment.*

## I.

**I**MPOSTURE shrinks from light,  
And dreads a curious eye:  
Thy doctrines, LORD, the best invite,  
They bid us search and try.

## II.

LORD, to thy word we bring  
A meek, enquiring mind;  
And, joyful, at salvation's spring  
Refreshing truth we find.

With

Mild

## III.

With understanding blest,  
Created to be free,  
Our faith on man we dare not rest,  
Subject to none but thee.

## IV.

O LORD, our spirit lead,  
With soundest knowledge fill;  
From noxious error guard our creed,  
From prejudice our will.

## V.

The truth once learn'd, impress  
With favour on our heart,  
And help us firmly to profess,  
'Gainst all seducing art.

## HYMN CXXIII. Long Metre.

*Religion vain without Love.*

## I.

**H**AD I the tongues of *Greeks* and *Jews*,  
And nobler speech than angels use;  
If love be absent, I am found,  
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

## II.

Were I inspir'd to preach and tell  
All that is done in heav'n and hell,

Or

Or could my faith the world remove,  
Still I am nothing without love.

## III.

Should I distribute all my store,  
To feed the bowels of the poor,  
Or give my body to the flame,  
To gain a martyr's glorious name :

## IV.

If love to God, and love to men,  
Be absent, all my hopes are vain :  
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,  
The place of love can ever fill.

## HYMN CXXIV. Long Metre.

*Meekness.*

## I.

**M**ARK, when tempestuous winds arise,  
The wild confusion and uproar,  
All ocean mixing with the skies,  
And wrecks are dash'd upon the shore.

## II.

Not less confusion racks the mind  
By its own fierce ideas tost ;  
Calm reason is to rage resign'd,  
And in the whirl of passion lost.

Or

O self-

## III.

O self-tormenting child of pride,  
 Anger, bred up in hate and strife;  
 Ten thousand ills, by thee supplied,  
 Mingle the cup of bitter life.

## IV.

Happy the meek whose gentle breast,  
 Clear as the summer's ev'ning ray,  
 Calm as the regions of the blest,  
 Enjoys on earth celestial day.

## V.

No friendships broke their bosom sting,  
 No jars their peaceful tent invade;  
 Safe underneath th' Almighty's wing,  
 And, foes to none, of none afraid.

## VI.

Spirit of grace, all meek and mild,  
 With thy whole self our souls possess;  
 Passion and pride be hence exil'd,  
 Then shall our frame thine own express.

HYMN CXXV. Long Metre.

*Humility.*

## I.

**W**AS pride, alas! e'er made for man,  
 Blind, erring, guilty creature he;

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His birth so mean, his life a span,  
His wisdom less than vanity?

## II.

Tho' wealth and power with dazzling rays  
And pageant state this nothing dress;  
On the fair idol shall we gaze,  
And envy that as happiness?

## III.

JESUS, by thy instructions taught,  
Our foolish passions are repress'd:  
We blush at our misguided thought,  
And see and call the humble bless'd.

## IV.

To know ourselves, to learn of thee,  
And bend our necks beneath thy throne;  
Thus dictates wise humility,  
This makes the wealth of heaven our own.

## HYMN CXXVI. Long Metre.

*The Conflict.*

## I.

**A**WAKE my soul, lift up thine eyes;  
See where thy foes against thee rise,  
In long array, a numerous host;  
Awake my soul, or thou art lost.

Here

## II.

Here giant danger threat'ning stands  
Mustering his pale terrific bands;  
There pleasure's silken banners spread,  
And willing souls are captive led.

## III.

See where rebellious passions rage,  
And fierce desires and lusts engage;  
The meanest foe of all the train  
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

## IV.

Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground,  
Perils and snares beset thee round;  
Beware of all, guard every part,  
But most, the traitor in thy heart.

## V.

Come then, my soul, now learn to wield  
The weight of thine immortal shield,  
Put on the armour from above  
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

## VI.

The terror and the charm repel,  
And powers of earth, and powers of hell;  
The Man of Calvary triumph'd here;  
Why should his faithful followers fear?

## H Y M N CXXVII. Long Metre.

*The Christian Warfare.*

## I.

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,  
 And gird the gospel-armour on;  
 March to the gates of endless joy,  
 Where JESUS thy great Captain's gone.

## II.

Hell and thy sins resist thy course,  
 But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;  
 Thy SAVIOUR nail'd them to the cross,  
 And sung the triumph when he rose.

## III.

What tho' thine inward lusts rebel;  
 'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;  
 The weapons of victorious grace  
 Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.

## IV.

Then let my soul march boldly on,  
 Press forward to the heav'nly gate,  
 There peace and joy eternal reign,  
 And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.

## V.

There shall I wear a starry crown,  
 And triumph in almighty grace,

While

Hymn

While all the armies of the skies  
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

HYMN CXXVIII. Common Metre.

*The Temptations of Human Life.*

I.

**W**HEN, in the light of faith divine,  
We look on things below,  
Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,  
How vain! how dang'rous too!

II.

Honour's a puff of noisy breath;  
Yet men expose their blood,  
And venture everlasting death,  
To gain that airy food.

III.

Whilst others starve the nobler mind,  
And feed on shining dust:  
Celestial treasures they resign,  
T' indulge a sordid lust.

IV.

The pleasures that allure our sense  
Are dang'rous snares to souls;  
There's but a drop of flattery sweet,  
And dash'd with bitter bowls.

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## V.

God is mine all-sufficient good,  
 My portion and my choice ;  
 In him my vast desires are fill'd,  
 And all my pow'rs rejoice.

## VI.

In vain the world accosts my ear,  
 And tempts my heart anew ;  
 I cannot buy your blifs so dear,  
 Nor part with heav'n for you.

## HYMN CXXIX. Proper Tune.

*Contentment.*

## I.

If solid happiness we prize,  
 Within our breasts this jewel lies,  
 And they are fools who roam :  
 The world has nothing to bestow ;  
 From our own-selves our joys must flow,  
 And peace begins at home.

## II.

We'll therefore relish, with content,  
 Whate'er kind providence hath sent,  
 Nor aim beyond our pow'r ;  
 And if our store of wealth be small,

With



With thankful hearts enjoy it all,  
Nor lose the present hour.

## III.

We'll be resign'd, when ills betide,  
Patient, when favours are deny'd,  
And pleas'd with favours giv'n;  
This is the wise, the virtuous part;  
This is that incense of the heart,  
Whose fragrance reaches heav'n.

## IV.

Thus, crown'd with peace, thro' life we'll go  
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe,  
With cautious steps, we'll tread;  
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,  
Without a trouble or a fear,  
And mingle with the dead:

## V.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,  
Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,  
And cheer our dying breath;  
Shall, when all other comforts cease,  
Like a kind angel, whisper peace,  
And smoothe the bed of death.

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## H Y M N CXXX. Short Metre.

*The Changes of Human Life appointed by GOD.*

## I.

**A**S various as the moon  
Is man's estate below ;  
To his bright day of gladness soon  
Succeeds a night of woe.

## II.

The night of woe resigns  
Its darkness and its grief ;  
Again the morn of comfort shines,  
And brings our souls relief.

## III.

Yet not to fickle chance  
Is man's condition giv'n :  
His dark and prosp'ring hours advance  
By the fix'd laws of heav'n.

## IV.

God measures unto all  
Their lot of good and ill ;  
Nor this too great, nor that too small,  
Ordain'd by wisest will.

## V.

Let man conform his mind  
To every changing state ;

H

Rejoicing

Rejoicing now, and now resign'd,  
Nor vainly strive with fate.

## VI.

Hopeful and humble bear  
Thy evil and thy good :  
Nor by presumption, nor despair,  
Weak mortal, be subdu'd.

## HYMN CXXXI. Long Metre.

*Life the only Season of Preparation for Eternity.*

## I.

**L**IFE is the time to serve the LORD,  
The time t' ensure the great reward ;  
And, while the lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return.

## II.

Life is the hour, which GOD hath giv'n,  
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n ;  
The day of grace, and mortals may  
Secure the blessings of the day.

## III.

The living know that they must die ;  
But all the dead forgotten lie ;  
They have no share in all that's done,  
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

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## IV.

There are no acts of pardon pass'd,  
In the cold grave, to which we haste;  
But darkness, death, and long despair,  
Reign in eternal silence there.

## V.

Then what my thoughts design to do,  
My hands, with all your might pursue,  
Since no devise, nor work is found,  
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

HYMN CXXXII. Common Metre.

*God the Preserver of our frail Bodies.*

## I.

LET others boast how strong they be,  
Nor death nor danger fear;  
But we'll confess, O LORD, to thee,  
What feeble things we are.

## II.

Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,  
And flourish bright and gay;  
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,  
And fades the grass away.

## III.

Our life contains a thousand springs,  
And dies if one be gone;

Strange! that a harp of thousand strings  
Should keep in tune so long.

## IV.

But 'tis our GOD supports our frame,  
The GOD who form'd us first;  
Salvation to th' almighty name  
That rear'd us from the dust.

## V.

While we have breath, or use our tongues,  
Our Maker we'll adore;  
His spirit moves our heaving lungs,  
Or they would heave no more.

## HYMN CXXXIII. Common Metre.

*Comfort in Sickness and Death.*

## I.

**W**hen sickness shakes the languid frame,  
Each dazz'ling pleasure flies;  
Phantoms of bliss no more obscure  
Our long deluded eyes.

## II.

Then the tremendous arm of death  
Its fatal sceptre shows;  
And nature faints, beneath the weight  
Of complicated woes.

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## III.

The tott'ring frame of mortal life  
 Shall crumble into dust ;  
 Nature shall faint ; but learn, my soul,  
 In nature's GOD to trust.

## IV.

The man, whose pious heart is fix'd  
 On his all-gracious God,  
 From ev'ry frown may draw a joy,  
 And kifs the chaf't'ning rod.

## V.

Nor him shall death itself alarm ;  
 On heav'n his soul relies ;  
 With joy he views his Maker's love,  
 And with compofure dies.

## H Y M N CXXXIV. Long Metre.

*The Wisdom of redeeming Time.*

## I.

**G**OD of eternity, from thee  
 Did infant time its being draw ;  
 Moments and days and months and years  
 Revolve by thine unvaried law.

## II.

Silent and flow they glide away ;  
 Steady and strong the current flows,

Loft in eternity's wide sea,  
The boundless gulf, from whence it rose.

## III.

With it the thoughtless sons of men  
Before the rapid stream are borne  
On to that everlasting home,  
Whence not one soul can e'er return.

## IV.

Yet while the shore on either side  
Presents a gaudy flatt'ring show,  
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,  
Nor think to what a world we go.

## V.

Great source of wisdom, teach my heart  
To know the price of ev'ry hour;  
That time may bear me on to joys  
Beyond its measure, and its pow'r.

## HYMN CXXXV. Long Metre.

*Our Lives in the Hand of GOD.*

## I.

**S**OV'REIGN of life, before thine eye,  
Lo! mortal men by thousands die!  
One glance from thee at once brings down  
The proudest brow that wears a crown.

Banish'd

## II.

Banish'd at once from human sight  
To the dark grave's unchanging night,  
Imprison'd in that dusty bed,  
We hide our solitary head,

## III.

The friendly band no more shall greet,  
Accents familiar once, and sweet :  
No more the well-known features trace,  
No more renew the fond embrace.

## IV.

Yet if my Father's faithful hand  
Conduct me thro' this gloomy land,  
My soul with pleasure shall obey,  
And follow, where he leads the way.

## V.

He nobler friends, than here I leave,  
In brighter surer worlds can give ;  
Or by the beamings of his eye  
A lost creation well supply.

## HYMN CXXXVI. Short Metre.

*Support in Death.*

## I.

**B**EHOLD the gloomy vale,  
Which thou, my soul, must tread,

H 4

Beset

Beset with terrors fierce and pale,  
That leads thee to the dead.

## II.

Ye pleasing scenes adieu,  
Which I so long have known :  
My friends, a long farewell to you,  
For I must pass alone.

## III.

And thou, beloved clay,  
Long partner of my cares,  
In this rough path art torn away  
With agony and tears.

## IV.

But see a ray of light,  
With splendors all divine,  
Breaks thro' these doleful realms of night,  
And makes it's horrors shine.

## V.

Where death and darkness reigns,  
JEHOVAH is my stay :  
His rod my trembling feet sustains,  
His staff defends my way.

## VI.

Kind shepherd, lead me on ;  
My soul disdains to fear ;  
Death's gloomy phantoms all are flown,  
Since life's great LORD is near.

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## HYMN CXXXVII. Long Metre.

*Death the Way whence we shall not return.*

## I.

**B**EHOLD the path, which mortals tread,  
Down to the regions of the dead !  
Nor will the fleeting moments stay,  
Nor can we measure back our way.

## II.

Our kindred and our friends are gone ;  
Know, O my soul, this doom thine own ;  
Feeble as theirs my mortal frame ;  
The same my way, my home the same.

## III.

From vital air, from cheerful light,  
To the cold grave's perpetual night ;  
From scenes of duty, means of grace,  
I must to God's tribunal pass.

## IV.

Awake, my soul, thy way prepare,  
And lose in this each mortal care ;  
With steady feet that path be trod,  
Which, thro' the grave, conducts to God.

## V.

Then shall I smile, secure from fear,  
Tho' death should blast the rising year ;

H 5

And



And joy to reach the blissful shore,  
From whence I shall return no more.

HYMN CXXXVIII. Common Metre.

*Death and Eternity.*

I.

**M**Y thoughts, that often mount the skies,  
Go, search the world beneath,  
Where nature all in ruin lies,  
And owns her sov'reign, death.

II.

The tyrant, how he triumphs here !  
His trophies spread around !  
And heaps of dust and bones appear  
Thro' all the hollow ground.

III.

Soon must we leave the banks of life,  
And try this doubtful sea ;  
Vain are our groans, and dying strife,  
To gain a moment's stay.

IV.

Some hearty friend shall drop a tear  
On our dry bones, and say,  
" These once were strong, as mine appear,  
" And mine must be as they."

Thus

## V.

Thus shall our mould'ring members teach  
 What now our senses learn :  
 For dust and ashes loudest preach  
 Man's infinite concern.

HYMN CXXXIX. Common Metre.

*A Funeral Thought.*

## I.

**H**ARK! from the tombs a doleful sound!  
 My ears, attend the cry :  
 "Ye living men, come view the ground,  
 "Where you must shortly lie.

## II.

"Princes, this clay must be your bed,  
 "In spite of all your tow'rs ;  
 "The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,  
 "Must lie as low as ours."

## III.

Great God ! is this our certain doom ?  
 And are we yet secure ?  
 Still walking downward to our tomb,  
 And yet prepare no more ?

## IV.

Grant us the pow'rs of quick'ning grace,  
 To fit our souls to fly ;

H 5

Then,

Then, when we drop this dying flesh,  
We'll rise above the sky.

## HYMN CXL. Common Metre.

*Death of Kindred improved.*

## I.

**M**UST friends and kindred droop & die?  
Must helpers be withdrawn?  
While sorrow, with a weeping eye,  
Counts up our comforts gone?

## II.

Be thou our comfort, mighty God,  
Our helper and our friend:  
Nor leave us, in this dang'rous road,  
Till all our trials end.

## III.

O may our feet pursue the way,  
Our pious fathers led!  
While love and holy zeal obey  
The counsels of the dead.

## IV.

Let us be wean'd from all below;  
Let hope our grief dispel;  
Death will invite our souls to go,  
Where our best kindred dwell.

HYMN

## HYMN CXLI. Common Metre.

*The happiness of the dying Christian.*

## I.

**H**ear what the voice from heav'n proclaims  
 For all the pious dead ;  
 Sweet is the savour of their names,  
 And soft their sleeping bed.

## II.

They die in Jesus, and are blest'd ;  
 How kind their slumbers are !  
 From suff'rings and from sins, releas'd,  
 And freed from ev'ry snare.

## III.

Far from this world of toil and strife,  
 They're present with the Lord ;  
 The labours of their mortal life  
 End in a large reward.

## HYMN CXLII. Common Metre.

*The Frailty and Importance of Human Life.*

## I.

**T**HEE we adore, eternal God !  
 And humbly own to thee,

How

How feeble is our mortal frame,  
What dying creatures we.

## II.

Our wasting life grows shorter still,  
As months and days increase ;  
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,  
Still leaves the number less.

## III.

The year rolls round, and steals away  
The breath, which first it gave ;  
Where'er we are, whate'er we do,  
We're trav'ling to the grave.

## IV.

Dangers stand thick thro' all the road,  
To push us to the tomb ;  
And fierce diseases wait around,  
To hurry mortals home.

## V.

Good GOD ! on what a slender thread  
Hang everlasting things !  
Th' eternal state of all mankind  
Upon life's feeble strings.

## VI.

Waken, O LORD, our active pow'rs,  
To walk this dang'rous road ;  
And, if our souls be hurried hence,  
May they be found with GOD.



## HYMN CXLIII. Common Metre.

*The Christian Race.*

## I.

**A** WAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,  
 And press with vigour on :  
 A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,  
 And an immortal crown.

## II.

A cloud of witnesses around  
 Hold thee in full survey :  
 Forget the steps already trod,  
 And onward urge thy way.

## III.

'Tis GOD's all-animating voice,  
 Which calls thee from on high ;  
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
 To thine aspiring eye :

## IV.

That prize, with peerless glories bright,  
 Which shall new lustre boast,  
 When victors wreaths, and monarchs gems,  
 Shall blend in common dust.

## V.

My soul, with sacred ardour fir'd,  
 The glorious prize pursue ;

And

And meet with joy the high command,  
To bid this earth adieu.

HYMN CXLIV. Common Metre.

*The Hope of future Happiness.*

I.

**A**WAKE, ye faints, and raise your eyes,  
And raise your voices high;  
Awake, and praise that wond'rous love,  
Which shows salvation nigh.

II.

Swift on the wings of time it flies;  
Each moment brings it near;  
Then welcome each declining day;  
Welcome each closing year.

III.

Not many years their round shall run,  
Nor many mornings rise,  
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd  
To our admiring eyes.

IV.

Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;  
Ye mortal pow'rs decay;  
Fast as ye bring the night of death,  
Ye bring eternal day.

HYMN

H Y M N CXVL. Long Metre.

*The eternal Sabbath.*

I.

**L**ORD of the sabbath, hear our vows,  
On this thy day, in this thine house;  
And own, as grateful sacrifice,  
The songs which from thy temple rise.

II.

Thine earthly sabbaths, LORD, we love;  
But there's a nobler rest above;  
To that our longing souls aspire,  
With cheerful hope, and strong desire.

III.

No more fatigue, no more distress,  
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;  
No groans shall mingle with the songs,  
Which dwell upon immortal tongues.

IV.

No rude alarms of angry foes;  
No cares to break the long repose;  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

V.

O long expected day, begin;  
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin;

With

With joy we'll tread th' appointed road,  
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

## HYMN CXLVI. Long Metre.

*The End of the World.*

## I.

**M**Y waken'd soul, extend thy wings  
Beyond the verge of mortal things;  
See this vain world in smoke decay,  
And rocks and mountains melt away.

## II.

Behold the fiery deluge roll  
Thro' heav'n's wide arch from pole to pole:  
Pale sun, no more thy lustre boast;  
Tremble and fall, ye starry host.

## III.

This wreck of nature all around,  
The angel's shout, the trumpets sound  
Loud the descending judge proclaim,  
And echo his tremendous name.

## IV.

Children of *Adam*, all appear  
With rev'rence round his awful bar;

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For, as his lips pronounce, ye go  
To endless bliss or hopeless woe.

## V.

LORD, to mine eyes this scene display  
Frequent thro' each revolving day;  
And let thy grace my soul prepare  
To meet its full redemption there.

## HYMN CXLVII. Common Metre.

*Hope of Heaven by the Resurrection of CHRIST.*

## I.

**B**LESS'D be the everlasting God,  
The Father of our Lord;  
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,  
His majesty ador'd.

## II.

When from the dead he rais'd his Son,  
And call'd him to the sky,  
He gave our souls a lively hope,  
That they should never die.

## III.

What tho' his uncontroul'd decree  
Command us back to dust;  
Yet, as the LORD our SAVIOUR rose,  
So all his foll'wers must.

There's



## IV.

There's an inheritance divine  
 Reserv'd against that day ;  
 'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,  
 And cannot fade away.

## V.

Saints by the pow'r of GOD are kept  
 'Till the salvation come ;  
 We walk by faith as strangers here,  
 'Till CHRIST shall call us home.

## HYMN CXLVIII. Common Metre.

*The Hope of Heaven a Support in Death.*

## I.

**T**HERE is a land of pure delight,  
 Where saints immortal reign ;  
 Infinite day excludes the night,  
 And pleasures banish pain.

## II.

There everlasting spring abides,  
 And never with'ring flow'rs :  
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
 This heav'nly land from ours.

## III.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
 Stand dress'd in living green :

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So to the *Jews* old *Canaan* flood,  
While *Jordan* roll'd between.

## IV.

But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,  
To cross this narrow sea;  
And linger, shiv'ring, on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.

## V.

Oh, could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise;  
And view the *Canaan* that we love,  
With unbecclouded eyes;

## VI.

Could we but stand as *Moses* stood,  
And view the landskip o'er;  
Not *Jordan's* streams, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

H Y M N CXLIX. Long Metre.

*Faith in a future State.*

## I.

**T**IS by the faith of joys to come  
We walk thro' deserts dark as night;  
Till we arrive at heav'n our home,  
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

The

## II.

The want of fight she well supplies,  
She makes the gates of heav'n appear;  
Far into distant worlds she pries,  
And brings eternal glories near.

## III.

Cheerful we tread the desert thro',  
While faith inspires a heav'nly ray,  
Tho' lions roar, and tempests blow,  
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

## IV.

So *Abrah'm*, by divine command,  
Left his own house to walk with God;  
His faith beheld the promis'd land,  
And fir'd his zeal along the road.

## HYMN CL. Common Metre.

*Support under Trouble from the Hope of Heaven.*

## I.

**W**HEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.

## II.

Should foes against my peace engage,  
And cruel darts be hurl'd;

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Then I could smile at all their rage,  
And face a frowning world.

III.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall;  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God; my heav'n, my all:

IV.

There shall I bathe my weary soul,  
In seas of heav'nly rest;  
And not a wave of trouble roll,  
Across my peaceful breast.

H Y M N C L I. Common Metre.

*Heaven invifible and holy.*

I.

NOR eye hath feen, nor ear hath heard,  
Nor fenfe, nor reafon known,  
What joys the Father hath prepar'd,  
For thofe who love the Son.

II.

But the good fpirit of the Lord  
Reveals a heav'n to come;  
The beams of glory, in the word,  
Allure and guide us home.

Pure

Then

## III.

Pure are the joys above the sky,  
 And all the region peace;  
 No wanton tongue, nor envious eye,  
 Can taste, or see, the bliss.

## IV.

Those holy gates for ever bar  
 Pollution, sin, and shame;  
 None shall obtain admittance there,  
 But foll'wers of the Lamb.

## HYMN CLII. Common Metre.

*The true Way to please GOD.*

## I.

**W**Herewith shall I approach the LORD,  
 And bow before his throne?  
 Or how procure his kind regard,  
 And for my guilt atone?

## II.

Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,  
 And spicy fumes ascend?  
 Will these my earnest wish succeed,  
 And make my GOD my friend?

## III.

Oh! no, my soul, 'twere fruitless all,  
 Such off'rings are in vain:

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No fatlings from the field or stall,  
His favour can obtain.

## IV.

To men their rights I must allow,  
And proofs of kindness give :  
To God with humble rev'rence bow,  
And to his glory live.

## V.

Hands that are clean, and hearts sincere,  
He never will despise :  
And cheerful duty he'll prefer  
To costly sacrifice.

## H Y M N CLIII. Long Metre.

*The Jewish and Christian Religion compared.*

## I.

**T**WAS not to bathe in *Jordan's* flood,  
Nor touch nor taste precisely pure,  
Nor holy waste of brutal blood,  
Nor fast severe, nor look demure,

## II.

That could the God of *Israel* please ;  
When *Amram's* son his precepts taught,  
And, by such mystic rites as these,  
Labour'd to moralize the thought.

## I

At

## III.

At length the Son of God appears,  
Truth drops her hieroglyphic dress,  
A nobler form religion wears,  
Adorn'd with simple holiness.

## IV.

No more let zeal for mode and rite  
The name of sanctity assume ;  
Leave to the solemn hypocrite  
These trappings of adult'rous Rome.

## V.

Sacred to God be all within,  
From guile, from base affections free ;  
So shalt thou his high friendship win,  
And beatific vision see.

## HYMN CLIV. Long Metre.

*New Year's Day.*

## I.

**G**REAT God, we sing that mighty hand,  
By which supported still we stand ;  
The op'ning year thy mercy shows ;  
Thy mercy crowns it till it close.

## II.

By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
Still are we guarded by our God ;

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By his incessant bounty fed,  
By his unerring counsel led.

III.

With grateful hearts the past we own;  
The future, all to us unknown,  
We to thy guardian care commit,  
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

IV.

In scenes exalted or depress'd,  
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest;  
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,  
Ador'd thro' all our changing days.

V.

When death shall interrupt these songs,  
And seal in silence mortal tongues,  
Our helper God, in whom we trust,  
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

H Y M N CLV. Common Metre.

*New Year's Day.*

I.

**R**EMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds  
Of the revolving year;  
How swift the weeks compleat their rounds!  
How short the months appear!

I 2

Much

## II.

Much of my dubious life is done,  
Nor will return again;  
And swift my passing moments run,  
The few which yet remain.

## III.

So fast eternity comes on,  
And that important day,  
When all that mortal life has done  
God's judgment shall survey.

## IV.

Awake, my soul; with utmost care,  
Thy true condition learn;  
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,  
And what thy chief concern.

## V.

Devoutly yield thyself to God,  
And on his care depend;  
With zeal pursue the heav'nly road,  
Nor doubt an happy end.

## HYMN CLVI. Long Metre.

*For an Ordination.*

## I.

**G**REAT LORD of angels, we adore  
The grace, that builds thy courts below;  
And thro' ten thousand sons of light  
Stoops to regard what mortals do.

Amidst

## II.

Amidst the wastes of time and death,  
 Successive pastors thou dost raise;  
 Thy charge to keep, thy house to guide,  
 And form a people for thy praise.

## III.

At length, dismiss'd from feeble clay,  
 Thy servants join th' angelic band;  
 With them thro' distant worlds they fly,  
 With them before thy presence stand.

## IV.

O blest employ ! O glorious hope !  
 Sweet lenitive of grief and care !  
 When shall we reach those radiant courts,  
 And all their joys and honours share ?

## V.

Yet while these labours we pursue,  
 Thus distant from the heav'nly throne,  
 Give us a zeal and love like their's,  
 And half their heav'n shall here be known.

H Y M N CLVII. Long Metre.

*For a Fast-Day.*

## I.

**G**REAT God of hosts, attend our pray'r,  
 And make the *British* isles thy care :  
 To thee we raise our suppliant cries,  
 When angry nations round us rise.



## II.

Fain would they tread our glory down,  
And in the dust defile our crown,  
Deluge our houses with our blood,  
And burn the temples of our God.

## III.

But 'midst the thunder of their rage,  
We thy protection would engage :  
O raise thy saving arm on high,  
And bring renew'd deliv'rance nigh.

## IV.

May *Britain*, as one man, be led  
To make the LORD her fear and dread ;  
Our souls no other fear shall know,  
Tho' earth were leagu'd with hell below.

## V.

Give ear, ye countries from afar ;  
Ye proud associate nations, hear ;  
While fix'd on him, who rules the sky,  
Our hearts your threat'ned war defy.

## VI.

Ye people, gird yourselves in vain,  
Your scatter'd force unite again ;  
Again shall all that force be broke,  
When God with us shall deal the stroke.

## VII.

Now he records our humble tears,  
With ardent vows for future years,

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And destines for approaching days  
Victorious shouts, and songs of praise.

## H Y M N CLVIII. Common Metre.

*For a Fast Day in public Calamity.*

## I.

**W**HEN *Abra'm*, full of sacred awe,  
Before *JEHOVAH* stood,  
And, with a humble fervent pray'r,  
For guilty *Sodom* su'd ;

## II.

With what success, what wond'rous grace,  
Was his petition crown'd !  
The *LORD* would spare, if in the place  
Ten righteous men were found.

## III.

And could a single pious soul  
So rich a boon obtain ?  
Good *GOD* ! and shall a nation cry,  
And plead with thee in vain ?

## IV.

*Britain*, all-guilty as she is,  
Her num'rous saints can boast ;  
See their united pray'rs ascend ;  
And shall these pray'rs be lost ?

And

Are

## V.

Are not the righteous dear to thee  
 Now, as in ancient times ?  
 Or does this sinful land exceed  
*Gomorrab* in her crimes ?

## VI.

Still we are thine, we bear thy name,  
 Here yet is thine abode ;  
 Long has thy presence blest our land :  
 Forsake us not, O God !

## VII.

O may our people, priests, and king,  
 Thy choicest blessings share ;  
 And know thee by that glorious name,  
 " The God who heareth pray'r."

## HYMN CLIX. Common Metre.

*The Blessings of Civil Government.*

## I.

**E**TERNAL sov'reign of the sky,  
 And LORD of all below,  
 We mortals to thy majesty  
 Our first obedience owe.

## II.

Our souls adore thy throne supreme,  
 And bless thy providence,

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For magistrates of meaner name,  
Our glory and defence.

## III.

Kingdoms on firm foundations stand,  
While virtue finds reward,  
And sinners perish from the land,  
By justice and the sword.

## IV.

Where laws and liberties combine,  
To make a people blest,  
There crowns with brightest lustre shine,  
And kings are honour'd best.

## V.

Let *Cæsar's* due be ever paid  
To *Cæsar* and his throne;  
But consciences and souls were made  
To be the LORD's alone.

H Y M N CLX. As the 113th Psalm.

*A general national Thanksgiving.*

## I.

SAY, should we search the globe around,  
Where can such happiness be found,  
As dwells in *Britain's* favour'd isle?  
Here plenty reigns; here freedom sheds  
Her choicest blessings on our heads,  
And bids our bleakest mountains smile.

Here

## II.

Here commerce spreads the wealthy store,  
Which comes from ev'ry foreign shore ;  
Science and art their charms display ;  
Religion teacheth us to raise  
Our voices in our Maker's praise,  
As truth and conscience point the way.

## III.

These are thy gifts, almighty King !  
From thee our matchless blessings spring ;  
Th' extended trade, the fruitful skies,  
The raptures liberty bestows,  
Th' eternal joys the gospel shows,  
All from thy boundless goodness rise.

## IV.

With grateful hearts, with cheerful tongues,  
To GOD we raise united songs ;  
His pow'r and mercy we proclaim ;  
*Britons*, thro' ev'ry age, shall own,  
JEHOVAH here hath fix'd his throne,  
And triumph in his mighty name.

## V.

Long as the moon her course shall run,  
Or man behold the circling sun,  
O still may GOD in *Britain* reign ;  
Still crown her counsels with success,  
With peace and joy her borders bless,  
And all her sacred rights maintain.

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PRECEDING HYMNS.

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